



THE DANCER

DRAWN BY S. BEGG



THE CHALLENGE

DRAWN BY J. VAN BEERS ENGRAVED BY G. HAUCK

CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PENRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befell him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now newly set forth By L. Cope Cornford.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. SHELDON

SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford goes forth to Salisbury one March morning in the year 1655 to tell Mr. Richard Phelps, a merchant, that he loves his daughter and knows that he finds favour in her sight. He meets one John Manning, who also loves Barbara, and is in high feather at having won her father's consent to his courtship. After something near a quarrel the two fare together to see old Phelps, where Manning is discomfited, while Anthony finds himself accepted by father as by daughter. On his way home, an attempt is made to murder him. He has an opportunity to kill his enemy—no other than Manning—but lets him

escape with a warning. Preparations for his marriage move apace, but at last, as he goes homeward one day, he is stopped by a highwayman—Captain Jacobus, whose real name is Sir Clipseby Carew—and warned that if he proceeds he will be arrested, inasmuch as his estates are confiscated, and himself outlawed, by the Commonwealth. Langford remembers Manning, and sees his work in this. Jacobus explains that he is a principal agent in a new conspiracy against the Protector, and asks Langford to join him. They then ride to Wilton and meet other Royalist conspirators, where it is arranged that Jacobus shall proceed immediately to tell the Earl of Rochester what force the Royalists of Wiltshire can put in the field forthwith. It is arranged that Anthony Langford shall ride with him, and together they ride off to a ruined chapel in the woods three miles from Wilton, where Langford meets one Mul-Sack, chief of a gang of thieves who act as spies and messengers for the Royalists. He and his companion sleep there that night.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ROAD.

IT seemed that I had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awakened by a rough shaking: and, sitting up, I gazed stupidly at the unfamiliar

chamber grisly with the grey light of dawn which filtered in at the narrow window. For a moment I knew not where I was: then my eyes encountered

the Captain's, who was lugging on his long boots, and the memory of my disasters came back upon me at a blow.

"'Tis boot-and-saddle, Mr. Langford, and brisk about it," said the Captain. "We have six miles to ride to breakfast."

"I am ready," I answered shortly: for I felt exceedingly sleepy and not a little miserable. I thought upon the waking that should have been mine: the merry anticipations that were wont to sit upon my pillow; and I raged as I saw myself torn from happiness, and compelled to trot at the heels of this indefatigable conspirator. Captain Jacobus put away all his effects and set the room as neat as a parlour, while I dragged on my boots and girt on sword and pistols—Manning's pistols. Then we passed into the body of the chapel, the Captain locking the door of the Sacristy behind him.

The trestles had all been piled against the wall, and the beggars lay huddled like swine upon a thick bed of straw, deep in a drunken slumber. Some were covered with sheep-skins, some with foul old cloaks, while to others who lay in their rags, sleep gave a new and more gross and filthy look than they wore awake. The place was dim and ashy-gray, but a lustrous reflection from the lightening sky without shone from the majestic figure in the eastern window painted by forgotten monks, gazing serenely down upon the sleeping thieves.

Outside, in the clear air, where brown and ragged continents of cloud were sailing swiftly across a sky as bright as a shield, I drew deep breaths that renewed me like wine: I began to feel my own man again, and fit for the day's work. The two sentries, awakened, I suppose, by the nip of the morning, were playing at putt on the grass. The Captain despatched them to fetch the horses; and while they were gone we laved head and hands in a clear spring that bubbled up hard by. Mounting, we cleared the wood, and soon we saw the great pillars of Stonehenge heaved black against the sunrise. Leaving them on our left, we descended into the valley and crossed the Avon by the bridge at Amesbury, where we broke our fast and had the horses fed and groomed.

"And now," said the Captain, "let us consider where we stand, Mr. Langford. At present Captain Crook hath the

stronger cards, it appears. To confiscate the Langford estates, and to nab Nick Armorer, with or without old Thurloe's mails, is very well for one week's work; but it shall turn to his undoing—as he might have said himself. Meanwhile, cut two more notches on his score. Now to Winchester to see how squares go with Brother Jedediah, and thence to Farnham, where we lie the night, if the horses can get there and nothing delays us on the road."

During the silent ride from Grovely Wood I had considered the situation: I had something to say upon it; and the sooner it was out the better.

"Captain Jacobus," I began, "you have taken the kindest interest in my fortunes, although I have no guess why you should have done so; and I am loth to say what I must——"

I paused to grope for words, while the Captain surveyed me keenly.

"Speak out, Mr. Langford," he said; and I took heart and continued.

"Here am I, slung into the King's service willy-nilly; and although I am ready enough to bear my part, you must permit me to distinguish. I will have no hand in your doings on the road, Captain. It doth not take my fancy, going out upon the pad."

"You would say, a gentleman should not do't?" said the Captain deliberately.

"I did not say so," I retorted, rather angrily.

"Mr. Langford," he returned, "y'are young, and suffer under the sweet illusions proper to youth. You call yourself a King's man of discretionary years, and yet you do not appear to comprehend that the country is down under the bloody paws of usurpers and regicides, who possess no rights in law. Did we plunder Royalists, it would be different. But we do but take our own from those who robbed us thereof. A pox of your scruples! You appear to be curst with a right puritanical conscience, for the thing is as plain as a pike."

"Nevertheless, I will not do't," I said.

"You will take your own way, then, as I shall take mine," said Captain Jacobus. "Your zeal of conscience does not extend to me, I presume?"

"Why, no," I answered, a little out of countenance, "your affairs are no business of mine."

"No? Had I made the same reflec-



"I DRAGGED ON MY BOOTS"

tion last night—this notable debate might never have fallen between us. But let that pass. I am glad to hear it, too, for to deal plainly with you, Mr. Langford, I do not allow young persons to interfere with my Christian liberty."

I had no more to say, and although I

knew I was in the right, I did not feel so. In the pause that followed, the Captain called for the reckoning.

"Do you travel upon your own charges?" he asked, with the imperturbable amenity of manner that was his constant characteristic. "I am sorry to

trouble you, but 'tis a question we must settle, for convenience sake."

I searched my pockets, but I had given my last crown to pay the messenger who carried my letter to Barbara, and with a very red face, I had to own as much.

"Why, no matter," cried the Captain. "His Majesty lets no man want, if he can help it. Take a few of the King's pistoles for present use," and he pressed upon me a handful of broad pieces. I had no resource but to pocket them, which I did with a strong reluctance.

"Be not so bashful, man," said Jacobus. "What! 'tis but a matter of business. Besides," he added, drily, "there are plenty more where those came from."

I saw what he meant, of course, and straightway fell into a black temper. After denouncing highway robbery, I found myself condemned to live upon the proceeds thereof: a doubly false position. For not only had I never earned them, but it seemed that in future I was to stand by and watch Captain Jacobus doing all the work and taking all the risk, and afterwards to share in the booty. I had yet to learn that a man may sometimes be thrust, against his will, into a false position, where no kicking against the pricks may serve him. So that after leaving the inn at Amesbury, I rode many miles in a sulky silence: angry with myself, and cursing the Captain.

We travelled for the most part across country, over the noiseless, shining downs, a merry wind whistling past our ears, and a vasty cope of pale blue sky about us, until we came out above the ancient city of Winchester lying in the cup of a deep valley, intersected by a silver ribbon of running water. The town was four-square, enclosed within a great wall; in the midst rose the long back and the squat grey tower of the Cathedral, girt on all quarters with smaller towers and steeples, their vanes a sparkle of gold in the sunlight. The Captain drew rein and turned to me.

"Mr. Langford," said he, "the moment we set foot within yonder city our lives are in jeopardy, for though Royalist at heart, the place is ruled by the other side, since Noll beat down the castle in the name of his God. I am a known man, nor do I choose to disguise myself for a junto of prick-eared burgesses, and I am going to dine and to bait my horse at the George Inn. But if you have no

stomach for needless dangers, Mr. Langford, there is no need for your mother's son to fly in the face of them. I have a hundred broad pieces in my saddle-bag. Take them and ride down to Southampton Water yonder, ship across to Flanders, join the Court at Cologne, and take your chance of a place about His Majesty. You will not starve, at any rate, whatever befall."

I looked at the keen-eyed, alert figure on the big red horse, but could make nothing of the blank vizard of his face.

"Do you want to be rid of me?" I asked.

"No," returned the Captain; and I believed him.

"Unless I sell my horse and go to work in the fields, and so quit the King's service, I must still exist upon your bounty, it appears," I said, haltingly.

"O, hang your scrupulosity!" cried the Captain. "Have I not told you 'tis His Majesty's wages? Am I not his paymaster? Are you his comptroller of taxes? Body o' me! Shalt say hast earned 'em before the week's out, I'll warrant ye. Come! Dine with me at the George, or take this bag of my name-sakes and the part of discretion, ship yourself to Flanders, and be done with it."

"I will dine with you with all my heart, sir," says I.

"Well, and I thought you looked hungry," says the Captain, with a chuckle; and with that we paced forward down the hill.

We entered the city by the West-gate, beside which rose a huge pile of shattered masonry, the remains of the Black Tower, which Cromwell, ten years before, had bombarded to make a breach into the Castle; and, "Noll is a very proper man, and the best soldier in England, with a maggot in his brain which keeps him o' the wrong side," quoth Jacobus, as we passed. The George is a pleasant house half-way down the High Street, and the master tavern of the place. Captain Jacobus, who was as resolute to live upon the marrow of the land when he was in funds, as he was contented to go pinched on bread and cheese when his Pactolus ran low, ordered a meal of the best. No healthy man can lack hope and a certain dash of happiness so long as he is well fed; and in spite of my troubles, I felt singularly at peace with



"HE REGARDED US WITH A KEEN, FROWNING GLANCE"

a noble dinner and a pint of generous wine inside me, as we lounged in the doorway giving upon the street.

And here I was aware of a stout-built, dignified, ill-humoured-looking gentleman emerging from the throat of a narrow archway upon the opposite side, which led to the Cathedral Close. There was some strong, indefinable quality about the man which held my attention, and I watched him with a lazy interest in his approach. He had a proud red face, little steely blue eyes under massy brows, and locks of ash-gray hair curling on his shoulders; and was habited in a plain dark suit of cloth of a puritanical cut, with a broad falling lace collar and cuffs. He made towards us, and had his foot upon the steps, when the Captain who was leaning against the opposite door-post smoking a cigarro, suddenly caught sight of him. I have never seen so quick and shocking a change in a man's face as passed upon the Captain's at that moment. He went dark red, his eyes enlarged, the veins in his forehead swelled, his moustachios bristled, and he stiffened all over. The puritanical gentleman with the 'great nose regarded us both with a keen, frowning glance as he mounted the steps. Now the doorway was not very wide, and there was scant room for a third person to pass: so that I drew back slightly, expecting the Captain to do likewise. But had his feet been socketed in the floor, Jacobus could not have stood more unremoved. The stranger, in consequence, brushed heavily against him in passing, but went on without a word of apology or so much as a look. The Captain's eyes followed him, much as a leashed terrier stares at a rat, until he had disappeared within.

"What the devil is the matter?" I said. "Who is that?"

But Jacobus did not hear me.

"Now if it were not for that same gentility you prate so much about," said he, "I could have dirked the man as he passed. The Lord Protector would have been dead on that doorstep, and England herself again. Well, you see, I have not done it; and by God I think I am a fool."

"The Lord Protector Cromwell?" I cried in amaze.

"Did you not know him? You will, before all's done. And now I think 'tis full time we took the road, Anthony:" for the Captain had taken to using me

with this friendly familiarity since our little conversation on the hill.—"Pay you the reckoning, while I see to the nags," and he disappeared toward the stables.

As we clattered down the High Street, Captain Jacobus, who had explained to me the nature of his designs upon the brothers Dickenson, called my eyes to a large shop at the corner where the memorial cross now stands that was set up some ten years later, in the time of the great Pestilence. The shutters were up, and I read upon a handsome swinging sign the legend: "Jedediah Dickenson, Jeweller and Goldsmith."

"All snug for Mul-Sack," remarked the Captain.

"Well, you sail near the wind," I said.

"To a superficial person. But I give you credit for a better discernment. The King's taxes must be collected somehow."

We left the town by the East-gate, skirted Saint Giles's hill, and came out upon the Alresford road, which goes rising and falling with the bare downs. The sight of Alresford battlefield brought my father's death sharply to remembrance: and it struck me as highly probable that his son was riding to a like fate in the same insensate quarrel. A little after we came in sight of Chilton Candover, a tiny village at the junction of the road we were now upon with the main road from Winchester to Reading, which runs direct through Kingsworthy instead of winding about through Alresford. I was beginning to wonder why we had fetched a compass, when I espied in front of us, upon the Kingsworthy road, a coach and pair followed by a knot of outriders, the sun sparkling upon their steel caps and accoutrements. I glanced at the Captain, who was staring fixedly at the swiftly moving party. He turned his head, and our eyes met.

"Anthony," he said abruptly, "that is the Protector's coach, and I am going to stop it. What are you going to do?"

"Under the circumstances, I am coming with you. There are one, two—seven outriders, and Oliver is not the man to go weaponless himself."

"Ah, but I have his pistols," said Jacobus, pointing to a brace of petronels strapped to his holsters, which he must have taken from the coach in the stable-yard of the George. "There is an ale-house in Chilton Candover, and if the guard stops to drink, why, I hold the

Brewer's life in the hollow of my hand."

The low sun shone full into Jacobus's face as he turned towards me in his saddle: his hat was pulled over his eyes, but I could see the muscles of his mouth twitching the while I hesitated. A vision of all that the Protector's death would mean flashed through my mind. It meant Barbara to me, and vengeance of my father's death. For the rest, the King with his own, the Cavaliers restored, England free. Was not the regicide's life already forfeit on a hundred counts? And a thirst for the blood of that gray-haired, brazen-bowelled rebel in the gilded coach yonder burned within me. I glanced after it, and sure enough it was crawling unattended up the hill beyond the village. Then, of a sudden (it sounds a simple thing to say) I saw myself explaining the matter to Barbara, and beheld the look upon her listening face. It could not be done.

"We cannot shoot a defenceless man, Captain," I said, steadily.

To this day I do not know what Captain Jacobus had originally intended; perhaps he had not made up his mind, and merely took the brace of pistols while he had the chance. For scarce were the words out of my mouth, when he struck spurs into his horse, leaped the low hedge at the side of the road, and set off at full gallop in a straight line for the Lord Protector's coach. I followed him upon the instant, and after cutting off a corner, we came out upon the road again as the coach vanished round a bend between steep banks. Glancing over my shoulder, I caught a glimpse of the group of soldiers clustered about the ale-house, scarce a quarter-mile behind. The Captain executed what was doubtless a very familiar manœuvre. With a cocked pistol in each hand, guiding his

horse with his knees, he rode up alongside the coachman, crying "Stand!" in a great voice. The startled driver pulled his horses upon their haunches. At the same instant a shrill whistle sounded, and the Protector thrust forth head



"WE DASHED OFF DOWN THE ROAD"

and shoulders, a silver whistle in his teeth.

"Ye insolent rogues," said he, in a thick, choleric voice, "what would ye have?"

A sudden, boyish impulse took me. "Justice!" I cried. "You have the name of a just man, my Lord Cromwell. Why am I, Anthony Langford, of Langford Manor, that never lifted a finger against the laws, driven out of house and home by a troop of your soldiers?"

The heavy eyebrows came down over the small sparkling eyes, and the Lord Protector glared at me, then past me at Jacobus.

"What, Langford of the Plymouth plot, y'are well met. I have heard of you from Mr. Thurloe. And who are you, sir, with the pistols?"

"Damn you, out of the way, man!" shouted Jacobus passionately, wrenching at my bridle. I do not know what he would have done, for at that moment a

mighty clatter of hoofs broke upon our ears, and the whole body of outriders came swerving round the corner at full gallop, not fifty paces behind us.

"Too late," cried the Captain. "Come away!" and striking spurs into his horse, he dashed off down the road, and I after him, the dragoons thundering at our heels. We heard a hoarse shout of command, and the soldadoes roaring out a summons to surrender: then the explosion of a pistol, and the scream of a bullet over our heads. At that the Captain turned his horse, and we leaped the hedge as two more shots sang past us. A fourth struck my nag on the withers, but did no great harm, for by that time we had got well ahead. The ground was smooth and undulating grass-land, and for a long while we kept neck to neck, and the men behind us in a compact body, until we crossed a soft place, after which our pursuers began to straggle somewhat. Then up hill and down dale mile after mile we rode headlong, hoping fervently that the breeding of the horses would carry us through until the night fell. Already the sun was dipping below the rim of the hills: we rode in a coloured twilight; and looking back as we topped a rise, I could see but four riders, a mile or so behind.

But I was a heavy man, and as we

breasted the next hill I felt my nag beginning to fail. Still we held on without slackening, until the figures of our pursuers had become mere blurs in the gathering dusk. Suddenly my horse stumbled, recovered, stumbled again, pitched forward so that I had but just time to save myself, and lay still, the blood pouring from his nostrils. The Captain pulled up.

"His heart's broke. Mount behind me," he said.

"I can run," I replied, and with my arm across his crupper we set off again at a vengeance of a pace. We had gone about three miles, I suppose, when I felt the horse give under me, and had but just time to cry a warning before he came heavily to the ground. The Captain was thrown, but got to his feet immediately. The poor beast struggled upon its fore-feet with wild eyes, but fell back again with a groan. The Captain peered into the darkness, then laid his ear to the ground. There was no more sign of pursuit.

"I'll risk it," he said, and drawing a pistol, he shot the animal through the head. Then he took off the saddle and bridle, shouldered them, and we marched towards a wood that loomed darkly near by. Once within the shelter of the trees, we flung ourselves down, utterly exhausted.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE ROAD—THE INN AT FARNHAM.

AFTER a while the Captain roused himself and sat up. "The next point is, where are we?" says he: and strolls towards the borders of the wood. I dragged myself to my feet and followed him. As the trees grew more thinly, the ground began upon a sharp descent into a valley, where some lights twinkled: and over against us, on the brow of the opposite hill, we could discern in the steely light of the stars, the dim outlines of a range of great buildings.

"Well, we have reached our bourne in spite of Noll's dragoons," said Jacobus. "It is what I steered for, and Providence hath been kind. Here are we in the skirts of Holt Forest, there is Farnham Castle opposite, and supper stays for us in the vale, at the sign of the Smiling Lion. We must tramp it, my son."

So saying, we began to pick our way

down the hill-side, the Captain, although I offered to relieve him, with his harness on his back; and soon struck upon the high road. A couple of miles of weary trudging brought us upon the long main street of Farnham: when a horseman, whom we had heard trotting behind, coming level with us, pulled his horse into a walk, and paced slowly past us. Captain Jacobus peered keenly at him, edging nearer to get a better look. Then he dropped back a pace or two. "Jedediah Dickenson, as I live by bread!" he whispered. About a bow-shoot further on a good-sized inn stood a piece back from the road, ruddy light bursting from the crevices of the shutters, and streaming from the open door. Standing squarely in the doorway, at the top of a little, wide flight of steps, a tall man with a gray beard was looking forth upon the

night. No sooner had the Captain caught sight of this sombre figure, than he clutched my arm.

"And Brother Emanuel too," he exclaimed, with an oath.

A moment later the horseman in front

If ever there was a frightened man in this world it was the Winchester goldsmith. I caught a glimpse of his face as I passed. The white of his skin above his fringe of beard shone upon the darkness like a linen mask: he had dropped his



"THE CAPTAIN STOOD OVER HIM WITH A PISTOL."

of us stopped as though he had been shot, and bent limply over his saddle-bow. Jacobus is a quick man by nature and habit; but never did I see him act more swiftly.

"Take Jedediah's bridle, turn the nag and lead him forward," he whispered. "Quick, now."

reins; and with both hands gripping his saddle-bow, he was staring fixedly at the gray-beard in the doorway. I whipped the horse round, and had much ado to hold him, for Captain Jacobus leapt up suddenly behind the saddle, and crooked his arm about the traveller's throat.

"Steady now," I heard him say to his

victim, as I led forward at a brisk walk. "Y'are safe if you do not struggle: resist, and y'are a dead man."

Save for the lights within the houses, the street was perfectly dark: there was no one abroad at that late hour: and we gained the outskirts of the village unperceived. All at once it occurred to me that after all my fine speeches, here was I art and part in a common piece of toby work, and that for the second time in one day. Upon the first occasion there seemed nothing else to be done, and we had paid dearly for't. Now I had been betrayed by sheer inadvertence, in the hurry of the moment. I stopped the horse and turned round. The wretched Jedediah was still holding to the pommel of his saddle: Jacobus, who seemed to be kneeling on the crupper, still embraced his neck; and I could dimly catch the outline of the Captain's long nose and moustache over his shoulder in the gloom.

"Captain," I said, "this is not in the bond."

"In the King's name!" returned the Captain, like the snapping of a pistol. "Obey orders, sir!"

I had not foreseen this, and there seemed no answer to it, for Captain Jacobus undoubtedly held his Majesty's commission, while I was a sworn volunteer. I resumed my march, therefore, not without a sneaking satisfaction: for conscience was silenced within, and, besides, 'twas excellent sport. After about a quarter of an hour of walk, the Captain, who appeared to have become mighty military all of a sudden, cried out to me to halt. Jumping off, he ordered Mr. Jedediah to dismount, which the goldsmith did without a word, in a somewhat dazed and fumbling fashion. Then acting under the Captain's brief commands, after tying the horse to the hedge, I took one arm while he took the other, and we squired our Bale-o'-grace across a field towards a barn that loomed in the darkness. Here the Captain stood over him with a pistol while I untied his garters (which were scarves of black silk, of a richness quite unbecoming his station), wherewith we secured his wrists and ankles. Then we carried him into the barn, which was black-dark and smelled of hay and rats, until we stumbled over a truss and dropped him.

"I wish you a good-night, Mr. Dick-

enson," said the Captain, speaking into the darkness, "and a pleasant walk to Winchester, where if all I have heard be true, y'are sadly wanted;" and with that we left him, latching-to the great door behind us.

"That was a close throw," the Captain said, as we retraced our steps. "Had it not been for the little accident with Oliver, I should have stopped one or other of them (by your good leave) before they could have met. However, all's well, notwithstanding."

"And what will come to Mr. Jedediah?" I asked.

"How should I know? He may die and go to the place appointed to his fellowship, or he may live and go to Winchester. But I'll wager he doesn't set foot in Farnham to-night, and that's enough for me."

The Captain would have me ride the nag, and in this wise we regained the village, where, after picking up the saddle, I rode into the stable-yard at the sign of the Smiling Lion, while Jacobus went within to order supper.

Upon crossing the threshold of the inn some minutes later, after having seen the horse properly cared for, I was stricken to hear the tones of a strong voice as of a man preaching, issuing from the common room, instead of the droning rustical songs customary in such places. Pushing open the door I walked in. The long, low room was bright with fire and candle: three or four country fellows stood about the great ingle, long pipes in their hands, with blank amazed faces all turned towards the man who, from behind a jack of ale at the head of the table, was speaking with a stern vehemence. In the great square-shouldered figure with the shaven upper lip and the gray beard, I recognised Mr. Emanuel Dickenson, whom we had seen but now in the doorway, and whom his brother Jedediah had taken for his ghost. Jacobus was sitting sideways on the edge of the table with his hat set awry, swinging a leg, and staring with a very malapert air at the lecturer, who appeared to be addressing him directly.

"Art thou a damned heretic or a popish dog?" he was crying, as I entered. "Y'are a whiffling, trumpery fop, by any way of thinking. What make you, disturbing honest men at their meat in their inn, with your lewd conversation? I know ye, who you are. Y'are one of



"THE EDGE CAUGHT HIM IN THE WIND"

those sons of Belial, those notorious outrageous evil livers, the back-stairs gentlemen of the bloody Stuart, who range up and down the country, like Satan scouting for a prey, disordering God's chosen with your abominable offences. It is insufferable. It is not to be borne. The Lord Protector shall take order upon it. Ye shall hang in chains on New-

market Heath, my ruffling cavalier canary bird. Mark me——"

"I will," said Jacobus. "Ye!" The Captain delivered himself of a single unsurpassable sentence, which cannot be written here, referring to the Parliament of which Emanuel was a member; and, leaning forward, dealt the Puritan a rattling buffet on the mouth. A hoarse

shout went up from the bystanders as the big man leaped to his feet, and began lugging at his rapier. But the Captain was too quick for him. Springing back as nimbly as a goat, he set his shoulder against the end of the table, and seeing what he would be at, I sprang to his side. We ran the long board upon Emanuel like a battering-ram, pinning him against the wall. The edge caught him in the wind, I suppose, as he stumbled back, for he doubled up and fell upon his face among the dirty platters with a mighty crash. At that moment the landlady, a huge woman with a scarlet face, came running in, and comprehending the state of affairs at a glance, made open-mouthed at Jacobus and me.

"Out with you!" she shouted. "Out with you! I will have none of your roaring bullies of cavaliers in my house. Out, I say!"

Pressed by this formidable virago, who continued to revile us at the top of her pipe, we had no choice but to retreat, and so backed into the hall. My hopes of supper had begun to dwindle dismally, and even Jacobus seemed out-faced for once, when there fell a sudden diversion.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried a voice from the stairway.

We all turned round, and there, standing at the lighted stair-foot, was a bright spring beauty of a wench, with a great coronal of red hair: and methought she looked at us very kindly. The landlady turned obsequious in a twinkling, after the manner of her kind.

"Why, no great matter, Mistress Curle," she began. "'Tis a shame that you should be so put upon. But these Cavalier gentlemen——"

"O, sirs, are you for his Majesty?" cried the girl with sparkling eyes.

Jacobus rose to the occasion, while I was thinking about it: he stepped forward, removing his hat, and bowing low.

"Poor servants of the King we are, at your service, Madam, for I perceive you cannot but be for God and the Cause. We have been upon his Majesty's business all day—I care not who hears me—I say, upon the King his service, with neither bite nor sup: and now we are to be flung into the road, it appears, to make room for a bloody regicide."

The landlady began a voluble explanation, but the girl broke in on it, and silenced her.

"Gentlemen," said she, "if y'are the King's friends y'are mine also, and it will pleasure Mrs. Beatrice Young and myself greatly if you will sup with us above stairs. We shall expect you in a few minutes."

So saying, she curtsied and turned to go upstairs, carrying the baffled hostess with her. Meanwhile the idlers in the common room had crowded to listen. The Captain suddenly drew a pistol and levelled it.

"Back, you vermin!" he said, making a step forward: and the men hustled back into the room like sheep, falling over one another. They slammed to the door, and we could hear them bolting it.

"Now, if Emanuel has any stomach left for a fight (which I misdoubt me they will stay his eviting the room for fear of me without," remarked the Captain. "Let us go make a toilet."

A house-wench showed us to a room where we did our best to remove the dust and the bloodstains of the day's work.

"Why, what a thing it is," observed Jacobus, surveying me when we were ready, "to go about with a guileless, innocent, boyish face like yours, my son. For all the years I've been upon the road, never till now have I been bid to supper by a lady of any reputation."

We found Mistress Curle and her companion, a short, black-eyed, ruddy young lady, with a saucy bit of a nose, in a panelled chamber where a brisk fire burned on the hearth, and a plentiful meal was smoking on the table.

"My cousin, Mrs. Beatrice Young," said Mistress Curle, leading the dark young lady forward. "Since I have no one to present me, I must e'en do the office for myself. Mrs. Mariabellah Curle, gentlemen," said she, curtsying.

"This is my friend, Mr. Anthony Langford, of Langford Manor; and my name is——" said the Captain, bowing—"is Jacobus, of the King's Highway."

"And are you the great Captain Jacobus," exclaimed Mrs. Mariabellah, "who stopped my father's coach after his deprivation by the Roundheads, and gave him a bag of broad pieces? O, this is better and better!"

"And are you then the daughter of Bishop Curle of Winchester?" asked Jacobus.

"The very same," cried she; "and Mrs. Beatrice here is daughter to the Dean.

But come, let us fall-to with the appetite befitting those of the good party. Why," continued this lively young woman when we had sat down, "had it not been for you, Captain, we two should never have dared to take the road with none but a little foot-page to guard us. But we knew you kept the highway and would endure no rivals; and, indeed, we hoped to meet you, for after all the stories we have heard in our sleepy, quiet little village you cannot think how I have longed to behold a real Cavalier! And a Highwayman, too! O, brave! A glass of wine with you, Captain, and with you, sir."

And she drank to us both, one after the other, with the prettiest grace imaginable; and demure Mrs. Beatrice, blushing and twinkling, followed the lead she set.

The ladies made us extraordinary good cheer, seasoning it with fine courtly speeches: but as for me, I was so deadly famished that with the best will in the world, I could scarce find fitting answers: my wits drowsed, and even the Captain's tongue lagged somewhat. You are to remember we had been some fifteen hours in the saddle, and in the time had each of us ridden a horse to death, besides enduring other fatiguing adventures. I think that Mrs. Mariabellah must have perceived our condition, for she presently took the whole burden of talk upon herself: entertaining us with the story of her father the Bishop's misfortune, when the Parliament ousted him from his see in the year 1646: so that he must retire to his sister's house at the tiny hamlet of Soberton, where he died a year or so later. And Mrs. Beatrice's father, the Dean, had a similar history; for when Ironsides marched into Winchester with his New Model at his back, the head of the Cathedral was forced to beat a swift retreat to his living at Over Wallop. But even thence Puritan malice pursued him, for Cromwell, hot from the sack of Basing House, descended upon Over Wallop, plundered the ill-starred old gentleman of his chief possessions, and set a scab of an Independent tinker over his head.

"So you will understand we bear no love to the powers that be," cried Mrs. Mariabellah. "I would even love to behold an English Bartholomew-Massacre. There have we been for years and years and years, cooped up in the country, seeing no one, hearing nothing, living a life

so deadly dull I marvel the beasts of the field can suffer it. At last I said we would take advantage of an old pledge and go visit my father's brother at Guildford, and see something of life if we could before we were old and ugly; let me die if I would not! So here we are, you see."

"I make you my compliments," said the Captain. "I drink your health in a bumper, Madam, and yours, Mrs. Beatrice. Fill up, Anthony."

When at length the cloth was drawn, and the rich hues of burnt claret glowed in the mahogany: "Prithee," said Mrs. Mariabellah, "tell us of adventures." So, turn about, we told the tale of that day's exploits; and I vow I would have undergone our toils and perils twice over to gain such a pretty pair of listeners. The wine was heady and exhilarating, the audience rarely quickening to the intellectuals: and although I have forgotten every word we said, I am persuaded that we magnified each other's deeds to most heroic proportions; and that we shone like demi-gods in the eyes of those two innocent and enraptured maidens.

"And so you have only one horse between you. O, what an iniquity!" cried Mrs. Mariabellah, when we were done with our tale.

"Well, I daresay we shall not go wanting one long," remarked the Captain.

"You shall not indeed," said Mrs. Beatrice. "Why, how lucky, Mary; that we brought a led horse in case of accident. He is yours from this moment, Captain. Take him for the King!"

The Captain rose and made a very grand bow. "Madam," he replied, "y'are too generous; I cannot accept such a gift. But an if you can spare the nag I will buy him very gratefully for the King, for his Majesty's business is pressing."

But the ladies would not hear of it and so we argued the matter back and forth.

"Just because we are women," said Mrs. Mariabellah, "we are not allowed to do aught for the King, forsooth!"

"Why, very well," said Jacobus. "If you will not sell, and the King's noblesse forbids him to accept, we can but decide the issue by the cards. I will stake my horse against yours, at hazard, primero, quinze, all-fours, or what you will."

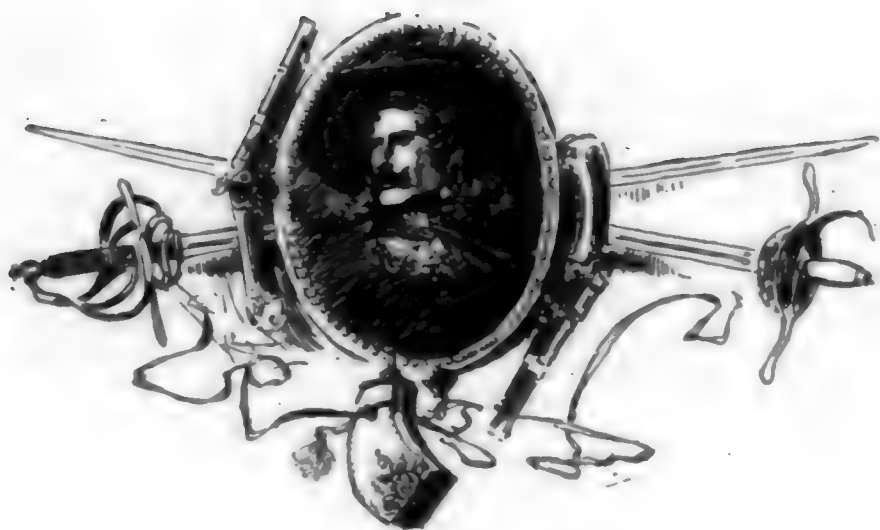
The maidens agreed, and calling for a

new pack, down we set to hazard. The end of it was the Captain won; and thus he got his occasion for a speech, the hope of which I knew very well had been at the bottom of his finicking.

"Ladies," said he, "you have this night done the King, ay, and the nation, a service perhaps greater than you know. 'Tis not the first time the issues of a kingdom have turned upon a lady's gift. Be assured, his Majesty shall hear of it."

The Royalist ladies flushed bright for

sheer pleasure: and the scene, along with many another, remains upon my memory, nor will dislimn with time. There is the ruddy light shining and flickering upon the black panelling: there is the glowing wine and the litter of painted cards: with the two gay and beautiful girls in their fine glistening attire curtsying side by side, with a grace that is half mockery and half earnest, to the Captain; who, a good deal flushed, with one hand at his heart, stands making a low-leg like a courtier



Artists on Their Works.

THE modes in which it is possible to refuse to do that which you have been asked to do are many. Supposing, for example, that, as an

Kate Greenaway, on the grounds that you really do not know. With Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., Mr. Bernard Partridge,

West House.

Camden Hill Road W

Nov. 8th 1895

Dear Sir

I find it so difficult to fix on the very one of my own pictures that I consider my most successful work. That I have delayed my reply to your request almost to the verge of rudeness I fear. Such is not the case however. I have really been trying to be cruelly invidious, and scrub all the others in order to put the lime light on my "One Pet Lamb."

I can't do it. It is no use. I think

artist, you are asked to state which of your own works is your favourite, you may adopt the very simple course of disregarding the letter altogether; or you may excuse yourself, with Miss

and Mr. George Clausen, you may beg to be excused, because to answer would be to infringe the rules you have laid down for the conduct of your life; with certain other artists—Mr. Dendy Sadler

being of the number—you may explain that your refusal is due to a reluctance to make one owner of work from your easel proud at the expense of all the others. With Mr. Erskine Nicol, A.R.A.

you are now about to read. Finally, you may write a refusal which really seems like a very full answer until it has been read through several times. For an example of how this is done you are

That you will find the Painters
are a more tender hearted lot
than the authors who have
given themselves away to you.
Mr Zangwill for instance -
who leaves his shivering,
callow, brain-babes on the
cold doorstep of the world
and cuts away. Perhaps
he is right. but it seems
cruel. (Such nice infants.
Too!) Some people are
perhaps too gushing over their
offspring. I remember asking
the beaming mother of some
twenty two or three. (many
of them twins). the same question
you ask of me. "Which one
of them she loved beyond all
the others -" I shall never
be forgiven. She seemed

you may explain that you "have a repugnance to that kind of thing," and if none of these plans please you, you may, with Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., "decline to lend yourself to any such contemptible proceeding as—" the article

referred to the letter from Mr. G. H. Boughton, R.A., here reproduced in facsimile.

The artists interrogated by the editor are all agreed in declaring the question a difficult one to answer. Thus the

son of Professor A. Legros, R.P.E., writes:

"In reply to your letter I have discussed the matter with my father. He finds the question a very difficult one to answer; if it had been a question as to

Torse de Femme of which there is a plaster cast in the South Kensington Museum. Again, had the question been slightly differently worded, the work in which he feels the most complete confidence is his drawing, and more particu-

to swim out of the room on
billow of tears - and has
never spoken to me since.

I hope she will when
she knows how I find
myself unable to reply
to your unfeeling question.

All the same I must
admit - the the new
"Ludgate" is a very
charming Magazine - and
I must ask you to believe
that.

I am yours sincerely

J. H. Broughton.

To the Editor
of Black & White Ludgate
Magazine

his etchings, he would have said without hesitation that his best composition is *Le Triomphe de la Mort—Après le Combat*. Similarly amongst the medallions he has executed he would choose that of Darwin, and in sculpture he prefers the

larly the drawings executed in metal-point: portraits. In respect of paintings alone he is not able to arrive at a definite decision, his choice being either *L'Amende Honorable* (at the Luxembourg) or *L'Ex Voto* (Dijon), to which he added: 'Si

celui de Dijon avait le style de celui du Luxembourg ce serait un œuvre, je crois, assez remarquable."

Mr. Tom McEwan is the first to use a metaphor which occurs to many another of his comrades:

"I think you might as well ask a devoted father of an agreeable and loving family, which was his favourite child: perhaps the worst, because of the trouble he had with the same, and certainly not the least, the youngest, whose character is just being unfolded. My pictures have got scattered far and wide, many of them I have not seen since they left me with their clean faces and, perhaps, it were better I should never look on them again, for my own peace of mind. I do fancy, however, I have been most successful in depicting the life and every-day toil of the Scottish peasantry, where 'Thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,' and 'Love makes Care delight,' where 'Buirly chieles and clever hizzies are bred' 'Blythe, blythe an' merry.' I am sorry I cannot prefer any one work and hope that my best is not yet painted."

The same idea occurs to Mr. Norman Garstin, who says:

"I rather fancy artists are like mothers: they are apt to regard with most affection some rather unfortunate one of their children who has given them most trouble and brought them least satisfaction. They possess this trait also in common with parents that they have a wistful tenderness for their last-born—their Benjamin; they hunger for the sound of its praises as a testimony that they are not 'falling off.' One more characteristic in common, they are both quite incapable of an impartial view of their progeny's merits. With these de-

ductions I may say that I think my last picture, a portrait of Miss Frances Howell at the Fair Children's Exhibition is my most complete portrait and *The Iron Master* and *Her Signal*—the former shown a few years ago at the New English Art Club, and the latter at the Royal Academy—are my best pictures."

Letters from Miss Margaret I. Dicksee

The Crown Hotel
Ombresley
Droitwich
2/11/95.

Dear Sir

In answer to yours of the 27 ult. Personally I prefer "Sleep" my latest picture.

I am dear Sir
Yours truly
Frank Bramley

and Mr. C. P. Sainton express another form of the difficulty there is in answering the question. The first-named says:

"I am afraid I cannot give an answer to your inquiry as to which of my pictures is my favourite, as I have no preference, all of them, such as they are, being the result of the best work I was capable of at the time I painted them. Naturally the latter ones are better in execution than my earlier efforts."

Mr. Sainton writes in almost identical terms :

"The question you put to me I find a difficult one to answer, for as I endeavour to improve upon past work, for my peace of mind, I am bound to persuade myself, as far as I can, to believe the last picture I engage upon to be the *only one* worthy

difference, in the letter from Mr. Josef Israels, which we reproduce ; and the next letter, from Mrs. Louise Jopling, is but the same thing differently said :

" ' Hope springs eternal in the human breast, Man never is, but always to be blest.' The picture that one imagines one might like the best is always one

The Hague 31 Oct. 1897

To the Editor of the
Ludgate

Dear Sir

In reply of your demand what
I find to be the best of my paintings
I have the pleasure to tell, that
I have never a predilection for
one them, as they are all my
own spiritual children...

Believe me Dear Sir

Truly Yours

Josef Israels.

of any consideration. I, however, have the recollection that, at the time of my last exhibition, I was under the impression that my water-colours, entitled *The Mist Fairies*, *A Pastoral* and *After Glow*, were better than former attempts."

Evidently this is the experience of a multitude of artists. Something of the same sort is expressed, though with a

that is not yet painted. I could very easily tell you which was my favourite picture painted by any other artist ; but this, you will say, is not what you want. Alas ! I can only answer, ' Ask me another.' "

To conclude, for the present, here are some perfectly definite answers. Mr. A. J. Elsley writes:

"I am inclined to prefer my picture in this year's Academy, *Make Haste*."

The Hon. John Collier makes an admission which entirely coincides with the remarks of Mr. Norman Garstin:

"I think that, on the whole, *A Glass of Wine with Cesar Borgia* is the best picture I have painted so far. Of course,

title, &c., as below: *Goldsmith's Social Gatherings, Green Arbour Court, 1759*, exhibited in the Royal Institute 1890. It depicts Goldsmith, in his struggling days, in his obscure lodgings, playing his flute to 'recreate the ragged infantry of the neighbourhood.' Sombre effect: twilight and candle-light."

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS
POWELL
INNELAN, SCOTLAND

31 Oct 95

POSTAL ADDRESS
TORR ALUINN
DUNOON, N.B.

Dear Sir

In reference to the
inquired my reply is that
my last work is always
the favourite and thus "Spring
in Eosia" heads the list, but
on looking back I seem to
remember with some pleasure
my pictures of "The Isles of the
Sea" and "The World's Highway"
Yours faithfully
James Powell

I hope to paint much better ones in the future, but, though I consider this my best work, it is not the work I like most myself. I have more affection for *The Death of Albino*."

Mr. H. R. Steer, R.I., writes as follows:

"In answer to your question as to which of my paintings I prefer, I send you the

And Mr. F. Stacpoole writes indignantly concerning the exquisite art to which he has devoted himself:

"Of all my engravings I prefer the *Circe* and the *Winter's Tale*, after Briton Rivière, R.A.; but I suppose you will hardly deem it worthy of notice now that engravings has been driven out of the field by the wretched imitations called

13 HOLLAND ST.
KENSINGTON W.
October 26 1895.

Dear Sir, In reply to your enquiries I beg to say that it is a far more interesting & important question to me, which water-colourists are most liked by ^(my own circle & at which I write) order people. He is generally most interested in the latest work, I find, & after the lapse of years one who has a different look, while in painting one continually strives to express something - some mood, feeling, form, colour, or idea - which yet is never fully expressed.

As you ask me to name pictures I may say the 'The Renaissance of Venice' (now in the possession of G. F. Watts R.A.) 'The Chariots of the Gods' } in the collection of Lord Sarsfield (Bristol)

'The Bridge of the Gods'

'The Bridge of the Gods'

'The Bridge of the Gods' I should select as among my favourites.

Very faithfully yours,
Walter Crane

photogravures, and is in a fair way of becoming an extinct art in this country."

Other letters of the same kind are given in facsimile, the writers being: Sir Francis Powell, President of the

Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours; Mr. Frank Bramley, A.R.A.; and Mr. Walter Crane. A multitude of others must compose another article.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. H. BACON

THE ANTIDOTE.

CHRISTMAS DAY on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm III.* was spent by her passengers as Captain Stein had prophesied. A strong gale blew all day, and there was a heavy cross sea. Most of the senior, and all the junior passengers remained in their state-rooms, more or less prostrated by sea-sickness. The saloon was practically deserted. A few old hands sat at the Captain's table and worked their way steadily through the Christmas menu provided by the chief steward. But even they retired early, as the gale increased, and after dinner, only two men met in the smoke-room—Surgeon-Colonel Hedford and his friend, "Mr. Smith."

Trowbrigg was dissatisfied. He wanted fuller information from his immediate employer, the toxicologist, and said so, with firmness as well as politeness. The success of their mission was in the opinion of the ex-detective imperilled by the reticence of his chief. The chief believed in Trowbrigg, to a certain extent, but in himself implicitly. He meant to place fuller confidence in his officer immediately, but thought the time was not ripe for the final interchange of views. Trowbrigg had been engaged to act with him, at his own suggestion, by the Royal Standard Life Assurance Company. That is, Trowbrigg was to obtain certain information, and having done so he was to consider himself under Surgeon-Colonel Hedford's orders.

The desired information had been rather cleverly obtained by Trowbrigg. On its receipt the Royal Standard had telegraphed to Hedford asking for an

immediate interview. The result of this meeting was that Colonel Hedford had taken a special train to Southampton, and caught the *Kaiser Wilhelm III.* sailing on her maiden voyage. Since the vessel sailed Hedford and Trowbrigg had been working independently—each pursuing his own line of investigation, with this difference, however, that while Trowbrigg reported daily to his chief, the chief kept his own counsel. Hence the interview in the smoke-room.

Hedford weighed the question of fuller confidence for a few moments, and decided that an unsatisfied subordinate is worse than none. He touched the bell, and a steward appeared, balancing himself in the doorway. The order was promptly supplied, notwithstanding the way the vessel pitched.

"Perhaps you are right," Hedford said, stirring a steaming tumbler of Glenlivet. "I intended to consult you to-morrow. But since you have mentioned it, I may as well do so now."

"The sooner the better," Trowbrigg said shortly.

"Quite so!" the specialist in poisons agreed, ignoring the acerbity of the other's manner. "I shall now give you all the data on which we have to work, including the result of my observations since I came on board."

Trowbrigg shook his head negatively and said, "I am afraid we are on the wrong scent. In fact, I doubt if there is a true scent at all—at least on this ship. I think the Royal Standard people are looking for a 'mare's nest.' What do you think of this? I suppose it represents the Royal Standard's case." He laid a newspaper cutting on the table.

"From the *Social Gazetteer*, I should say by the type," Hedford remarked, taking up the printed slip. It read as follows:

"A ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE. Society was pleasantly agitated not long ago by the report that a well-known ex-cavalry officer had wedded an American beauty whose face was by no means her only fortune. It appears that Lord ——— had, during his short but merry career in the ——— Hussars, run through the large fortune which he inherited in his mother's right. He was

entrusted with the design for a new wing to the Castle."

"The usual Society drivel," Hedford said, looking up; "and of no value."

"Read on," Trowbrigg said drily.

Hedford resumed: "When the noble Earl discovered that his son, so far from marrying an heiress, had taken to wife a waitress from a beer-garden in Chicago, his indignation at the folly of the bridegroom and the cupidity of the bride can be better imagined than described. A stormy interview between father and son resulted in the prompt expulsion from



"STIRRING A STEAMING TUMBLER OF GLENLIVET"

also deeply in debt, in addition to having exhausted both his father's patience and ready money. His resignation was accepted without remonstrance by her Majesty. When it was announced that the fortunate young nobleman and his millionaire wife would probably stop a few days at the Balham on their way through town, Society bestirred itself to welcome the happy pair. But they did not break their journey, going straight from Liverpool to the seat of his lordship's father in Downshire. The head of the noble house had meantime withdrawn his resignation of the county hounds, and a famous architect had been

the Castle of the soi-disant heiress and her husband. Now comes the strange part of the story. A week after the expulsion of the prodigal son and his wife it was announced in the evening papers that Lord ——— had effected a policy on his life with the Royal Standard Life Assurance Company for £80,000. This is not the highest on record, but it was considered worth paraphrasing. There was consternation at the Castle in Downshire on receipt of this news. The prodigal had really returned with an American heiress, and unhappily the rich had been sent empty away. No telegram or letter found

them. They had disappeared. The burning question is, what object had Lord — in raising, or in refusing to deny, the waitress story? Is the fair American a millionairess or an adventuress? One thing at least is certain, Lady — is a beautiful woman. Her portrait, which has appeared in the illustrated papers, was greatly admired."

"Well," said Trowbrigg, "does that throw any fresh light on the case?"

"Not much—I mean none whatever."

"Is it correct?"

"It is, so far as it goes. The truth is, the Royal Standard people had no suspicions whatever until the waitress story got about. On hearing it they cabled to Chicago, and found it to be true; but everything else was satisfactory. The premium had been paid by a cheque on Rich and Co., who further reported his lordship to the Royal Standard's Bankers to be 'good for a thousand.' A fortnight later the policy was transferred to the principal of a firm of German money lenders in London. That was the first incident in the case which could be regarded as disquieting. The company became suspicious. You were commissioned to find Lord Frederick. The manager sent for me. Your telegram saying that his lordship was on board the *Kaiser Wilhelm* was handed to Mr. Scott while I was in his private office. I left London within an hour, and just managed to catch the ship at Southampton."

Here the consultation was interrupted by the entrance of the ship's doctor.

"I have been looking for you, Colonel," he said, with an apology for his intrusion. "The child of the gipsy woman is in *articulo mortis*. I wish you would look at it with me."

Hedford willingly consented, for it was an interesting case. On their way to the second-class state-room, in which the child was lying, they met the chief-engineer. He was going to the captain. His face was full of disappointment.

"Bearings heated. About to go 'half-speed,'" he said, as he passed. In a few minutes the engines were slowed. The change in the vessel's motion was instantly felt. All the passengers who could raise themselves tumbled out of their berths and hurried on deck. The officers were profuse in explanation and assurance. But the passengers were not

entirely convinced. "Half-speed" in mid-ocean is unpleasantly suggestive.

Dr. Leibritch and Hedford were meanwhile examining the gipsy's child. It was a bad case of diphtheria. There was only one chance for the child's life—the operation that has cost the life of many a brave warrior of the lancet. Hedford ventured it. The child lived and Hedford suffered no ill results. When Dr. Leibritch told the gipsy woman what had been done, she overwhelmed the saviour of her child with passionate gratitude. In consequence he would have ceased to visit the patient but for one vague impression which he could neither explain nor dispel. Leibritch, it appeared, had given the gipsy a somewhat glowing account of the world-famed toxicologist. Hedford's impression was that the woman was genuinely grateful, but that there was more than gratitude in her importunity. Colonel Hedford's impression was ultimately justified. The woman's husband was a man named Hofer. He was the leader of a Hungarian Gipsy band going to fill an engagement in Chicago. The band had been in America some years before, and had made money. They played mostly in beer-gardens and music-halls. Hofer was a dark, saturnine man of forbidding countenance, but a thorough musician. At Andrassy's suggestion this band had played in the saloon every evening of the voyage. The music was usually too weird and eerie to be quite pleasant, but it was always fascinating. It suited Andrassy exactly. Second-class passengers were admitted to these concerts. Hofer's wife thus knew that Colonel Hedford was on friendly terms with Lord and Lady Erskine. He was constantly in their society. She formed a resolution which was rather heroic, considering the man to whom she was married and the man by whom they were both employed. She would tell Colonel Hedford what she knew about Lord Frederick Erskine and the man Andrassy.

The voyage was greatly protracted owing to the partial disablement of the machinery. One morning Lady Erskine appeared on deck without her husband. This was unusual. Hedford went to her and inquired for Lord Frederick with some anxiety.

"He is far from well," her Ladyship answered nervously. "He has been suffering from sore throat for the last

week, but thought it would pass away. Yesterday he did not leave his room, and this morning he is much worse. I am going to ask Dr. Leibritch to see him again."

While she was speaking, Hedford watched the girl closely, in spite of his own intense excitement. It was quite evident that she was in real distress, and that if she had been a waitress in a beer-garden she had not suffered in manner.

"I will find the Doctor for you," Hedford said; "and if you would not mind I should like to see Lord Frederick also."

"I should be very glad if you would," she answered gratefully. "You are always kind. You are our only friend."

"Andrassy?"

"For God's sake do not speak of him—as a friend, I mean."

There was a hysterical ring in her voice that Hedford did not miss.

"Yet you seem to know him very well."

"Yes—too well. But you will bring the Doctor immediately and come with him. I must go back to my husband. He does not like me to be long away."

Lord Frederick was suffering from a difficulty in breathing, due to laryngeal obstruction, and had a choking sensation frequently. Hedford, after a careful examination, approved of Leibritch's treatment, and thought that in a few days the trouble would be over. But the next day Lord Frederick was much worse. His face had assumed a painfully careworn expression owing to the muscles of extraordinary respiration

having been called into play. He had no febrile symptoms, but his dyspnoea had increased. Both Leibritch and Hedford examined the patient with the laryngoscope and found that a growth had rapidly invaded the larynx and lower part of the pharynx. This growth had no resemblance to membrane. The tissues were hypertrophied, and the disease now extended down the trachea.

The tissue was invaded by a minute fungus which was new to both examiners. They were beaten. The man must die.

A steward knocked at the state-room door. He had a message for Colonel Hedford. The woman Hofer wanted to see him on a matter of life and death. The steward was positive about the woman's fright.

Hedford left the state-room, and was absent a few minutes. His usually impassive face was a study when he returned. Suppressed excitement shook him. His first exclamation startled Dr. Leibritch into an output of long Teutonic words.

"Lord Frederick has been poisoned!"

The poor wife would have

screamed out, but for Hedford's warning gesture.

"Not a word—not a sound!" Then speaking to Leibritch, Hedford said hurriedly, "The woman, Hofer, out of gratitude—that operation on the child, you remember!—swears he has been poisoned with an obscure fungus known to their band. She dare not say by whom. She has given me the antidote. The disease is not recognised by



"LADY ERSKINE, PALE TO THE LIPS"

the faculty. She says you will remember a similar case on the *Heckla*."

"I heard about it," Leibritch said, strongly agitated. "But I myself was ill on the voyage and did not see the later stages of the case. The man was buried at sea."

"Then shall we risk this?" Hedford held up a small phial. There was no label on it. It had little or no smell. The doctors could make nothing of it. Dr. Leibritch hung back. He did not like to advise. Lady Erskine, pale to the lips, and looking at Hedford with pathetic indecision said:

"I was kind to the woman, too. I think she likes me——"

"She told me so," Hedford agreed. "But we must decide at once. I think the woman's honest. I am absolutely certain she was in deadly fear when she gave me this."

"It is a grave responsibility," Leibritch said, in low voice.

The young wife looked imploringly to Hedford. But she dared not speak.

"It is a grave responsibility," Hedford said, decisively. "And I'll take it."

He applied the antidote as the woman Hofer directed. In an hour Lord Frederick breathed with greater freedom. Before morning he was out of danger.

Next day the *Kaiser Wilhelm III*, still under easy steam, made better progress, owing to the falling away of the strong headwind. Toward the afternoon Captain Stein held a large reception in his room. Lady Erskine, Colonel Hedford, Dr. Leibritch, and Mr. Trowbrigg were present. When the door was shut and locked, it was soon evident that the reception was in reality a Court of Justice.

Since Surgeon-Colonel Hedford started on the extraordinary career partly forced upon him by stress of circumstances which we have so far described, he had twice acted in an apparently brutal manner. But his action was unpremeditated in both cases. At least, he had not had sufficient time to consider his own conduct. He had arrived at a rough-and-ready sort of justice, no doubt. But he had been altogether illegal. This time he would take his man alive. Trowbrigg was delighted. The work was becoming almost professional. Hedford was examining counsel. Lady Erskine was the principal witness. She gave her evidence clearly, in the

main, although she nearly fainted more than once from nervous strain. Hedford helped her as far as possible.

"Tell the Captain," he began, "what you told me this morning. Take your own time. Do not hurry. Do not exhaust yourself. When you met your husband first you were——"

"I was a waitress in Andrassy's beer-garden in Chicago," Lady Erskine answered, with great dignity.

"Just go on in your own way," Hedford said, to encourage her.

"My father was once a wealthy man," the girl commenced in a trembling voice that steadied a little as she went on. "But owing to Wall Street speculations he—he did something. I don't know what. He had to leave New York and went West. I never heard from him since. I could get nothing to do. My father's sin was visited upon me. At last, in Chicago, to save myself from want I took a place in Andrassy's beer-garden. One evening I was insulted by a drunken rowdy. Lord Frederick, who was seated at an adjoining table, defended me. We became friends, and in a month we were married. I was against it for his sake—perhaps you will not believe me——"

"No one will dispute your statement in this room," the president of the court put in, with an emphasis which suggested that the disputant would promptly find himself outside. Hedford smiled. His views of life had broadened since he left India. Humanity can be diagnosed as accurately as its diseases. He had learned that. It is a good start in the making of a competent sociologist. He would have staked his life on the word of the witness.

"And then?" he said in a kindly voice.

"We thought of trying orange farming in Florida—my husband had a little money left—but before we started, Andrassy, as the German employees called him, waited on us. He shewed me a letter from a firm of solicitors in San Francisco, which stated that my father had been killed by falling down the shaft of a mine he had bought. The mine turned out well. I was my father's only legatee. I would be entitled to a large fortune when the tedious legal formalities were completed. Meantime Andrassy offered to advance any money we required and advised us to go to



"A BLOW ON THE HEAD WITH AN IRON BAR"

Europe. I thought this very kind of him, especially as—as he had once been rude to me, and——"

"You left for Europe," Hedford supplied.

"Yes, we went at once, and after a short stay in Paris, were received with great kindness at Winchlesmere Castle. We were happy for a month. Then——"

"Take a little wine—I insist." It was the order of the president of the court, so it must be obeyed.

"A letter came from Andrassy saying that the mine had turned out a failure,

and by the same post the Earl received my history. He insulted me before Lord Frederick, and an hour afterwards we left the Castle.

"Andrassy met us in London and proposed that my husband should insure his life for an enormous sum, and transfer the policy—as security for the money which he had advanced us—to his step-brother, a money-lender in town. This was done. That is all I know."

Lady Erskine was conducted to her state-room by Colonel Hedford.

On his return, the examining counsel

had only one further question to put. It was to Dr. Leibritch.

"Was Andrassy a passenger on the *Heckla* when the man who had the same form of throat disease as Lord Frederick Erskine died of it and was thrown overboard?"

"He was," Leibritch answered.

On which Colonel Hedford addressed the court at some length, and in a forcible peroration demanded that the men Hofer and Andrassy should be forthwith put in irons. He would answer for their prosecution when the ship reached port. His colleague, Mr. Trowbrigg, possessed a convenient knack of picking locks. They had visited Andrassy's state-room uninvited, in his absence, and found what Hedford expected—the gipsy fungus!

Captain Stein decided quickly. His order was promptly obeyed so far as Hofer was concerned. The Hungarian gipsy was soon in irons, but Andrassy could not be found.

"Steamer ahead!" The hail from the look-out distracted the interest of the searchers. The *Kaiser Wilhelm* had now been so long at sea, any interruption in the monotony of the voyage was welcome. Passengers and crew all crowded up to see the coming ship. Then when all on the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, including the officer on the bridge—and just for a moment, the man at the wheel—were watching the Blue Star Liner SS. *Magnificent*, a cloaked figure dashed into the wheel-house. A blow on the head with an iron bar laid the man at the wheel below it. The steam steering wheel spun round and the vessel, answering her helm instantly, swung broadside athwart the *Magnificent's* bows. The first lieutenant rushed to the wheel-house. He was too late. The *Magnificent* struck the *Kaiser Wilhelm* amidships and crashed almost through her.

There was no time for anything. The water-tight compartment doors were all open, as they had been kept with the rigid exactitude of sea-faring men. Hardly five minutes elapsed before the stricken ship began to settle down. Old Stein behaved like a hero, and his officers and crew followed his lead. He had been a bit of a martinet. Fire and boat-drill on any ship he commanded were no amateurish pretences. The petty officers and men knew their stations exactly and took them instinctively. There was a good deal of boat-

swain's whistling and shouting of orders, and telegraphing fore and aft, and a dumb, helpless, huddling together of the appalled passengers. The undisciplined many behaved sensibly, stood aside, did nothing, trusted all to, and did not impede the disciplined few on whom they wisely felt their lives or any chance of life depended. They raised a feeble cheer when the first of the boats went over the side. But the ship was settling fast. One side was a mass of wreckage. She listed heavily to port. The colliding steamer stood off to examine her own injuries. Captain Stein grasped the situation. He knew his ship would sink under him before one half his passengers could be got into the boats. His despairing signals to the other steamer had been ignored. Then it must be the good old story. The weakest must survive!

"Women and children first," Stein roared, standing at the starboard companion with a revolver in his right hand.

The sea was perfectly calm. Each boat was manned by a small crew, lowered from the davits, and rowed to the companion ladder to take off passengers—women and children first!

A man dashed forward.

"Stop," Stein thundered.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedford intervened, saying, as he put his hand on Andrassy's shoulder, "Don't trouble, Captain, this man is mine."

Andrassy wrenched himself free and made a dash for the companion. A puff of smoke spurted from Stein's revolver. The report was hardly heard. Andrassy, shot through the head, went over the companion rail. His body fell into the sea close to the boat which was being filled.

"I think that man is mine, Colonel Hedford," Stein said grimly.

Then in a loud voice the old Viking bade his passengers beware. He was captain of the *Kaiser Wilhelm III.* till she sunk. And she was still above water.

The *Magnificent*, badly injured, and almost sinking, stood by the *Kaiser Wilhelm* after all.

The present Earl of Winchelsmere—he succeeded to the title last year—is rapidly making his mark in the Upper House.

The gipsy's antidote to the poison used by Andrassy is not in the Pharmacopœia. Surgeon-Colonel Hedford means to put it there.



"DON'T TROUBLE, CAPTAIN, THIS MAN IS MINE"



LIFE'S IRONIES

Two aged men, that had been foes for life,
Met by a grave and wept—and in those tears
They washed away the memory of their strife;
They wept again the loss of all the years.

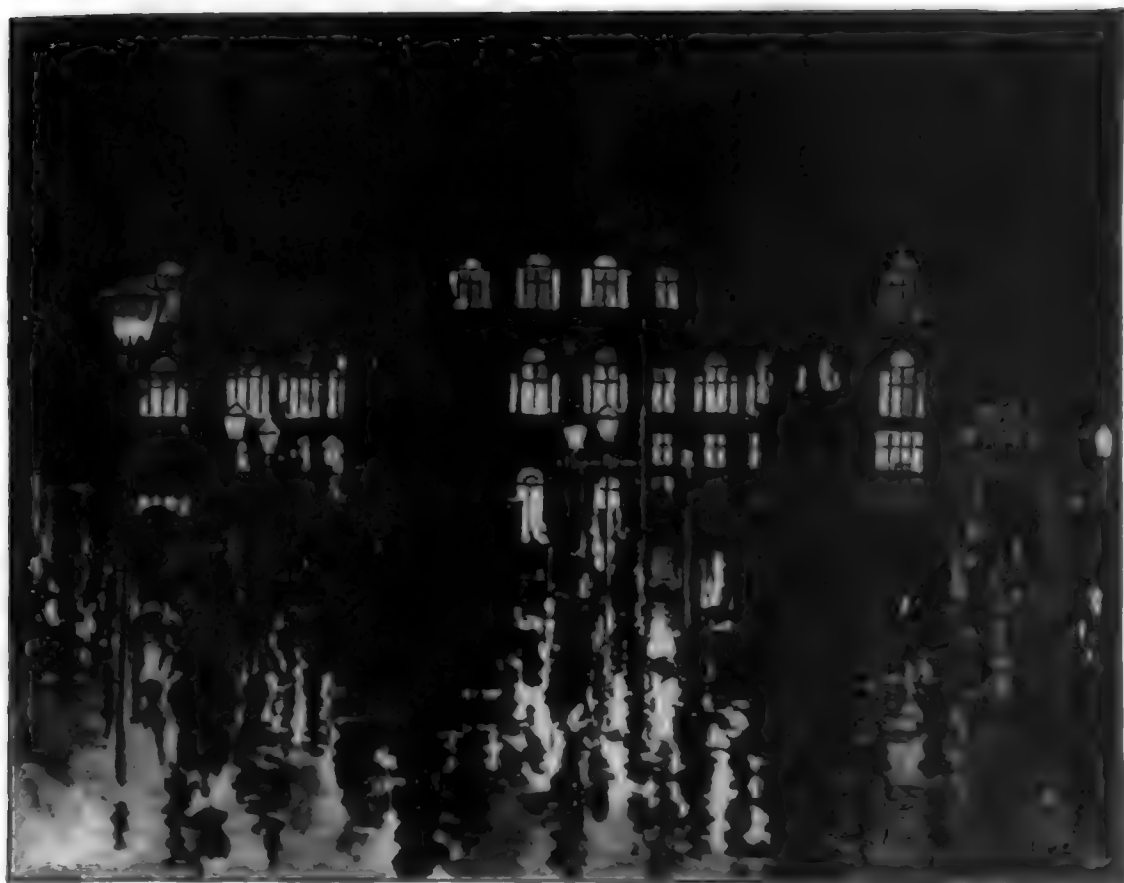
Two youths, discoursing amid tears and laughter,
Poured out their trustful hearts unto each other;
They never met before and never after,
Yet each remembered he had found a brother.

A girl and boy, amid the dawning light,
Glanced at each other at a palace door;
The look was hope by day and dreams by night;
And yet they never saw each other more.

Should gentle spirits born for one another
Meet only in sad death, the end of all?
Should hearts that spring, like rivers, near each other,
As far apart into the ocean fall?

FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Verses from Poems of the Day and Year, published by John Lane.



THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS

The Second City of the Kingdom.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WALLACE. ILLUSTRATED BY D. Y. CAMERON.

IN the Neither-Ward of Clydesdale and Shire of Lanark stands deliciously on the banks of the river Clyde, the city of Glasgow, which is generally believed to be of its bigness the most beautiful city of the world, and is acknowledged to be so by all foreigners (*sic*) that comes thither." So wrote in 1736 worthy John M'Ure, "Clerk to the Registration of Seisins," and so to this day is it "generally believed" by all patriotic natives of what is commonly characterised as the Second City of the Empire, with a sublime indifference to the existence of such insignificant places as Bombay and Calcutta. A century before M'Ure, Franck described Glasgow as "the nonsuch of Scotland, where an English florist may pick up a posie," and a century and a-half after M'Ure the English tourist finds anything but the suggestion of a "posie" on the banks and bosom of the Clyde. Its line is ancient though its fame is comparatively modern. Some time in the last quarter

of the sixth century the Saintly Kentigern, of princely birth, was guided by an angel (of miraculous intelligence) from his native Culross, the quaintest even of Fifeshire villages now, to the banks of Clyde, where the silvery burn of Molendinar (now a sewer) runs into the river. There he built a church, on the site of the present Cathedral, and a village grew up around him. He was a fisher of salmon as well as of men, and by means of one fish that he caught he saved a *Woman Who Did* of the period from a compromising situation. The memory of his numerous miracles is preserved in the burghal arms — a tree with a bird amid its boughs, a bell on one side, and a fish with a ring in its mouth on the other. After his death the little community was lost to sight for some five hundred years, and only emerged into the light of history again in the days of King David I.

Since then it has gone on growing and flourishing by the preaching of the Word—

and otherwise ; although even as recently as the middle of last century the entire mercantile fleet of the place engaged in the foreign trade did not exceed "forty-three ships and brigantines and sloops."



LORD KELVIN

From a photograph by Elliott and Fry

To four young men of that period belongs the honour and glory of first making Glasgow an important place of commerce. They went extensively into trade with Virginia, made Glasgow the tobacco-warehouse of Europe, founded banks and manufactories, and in general set an example of enterprise and perseverance which the young men of Glasgow have persistently followed to this day. Driven out of the Virginia trade by the American "Rebellion," Glasgow found a substitute for tobacco in West Indian sugar ; then she took up American cotton and Canadian timber ; next she opened relations with India, China, and the Australasian colonies ; and her present prosperity is chiefly founded upon iron and coal, both of which are found at her doors, and to the proximity of which she owes her vast shipbuilding and engineering industries.

Such, in brief, is the commercial history of the Second City—if not of the Empire, certainly of the Kingdom—whose peculiar advantage it is to be not mainly dependent on one industry (like Manchester or Birmingham), but to have such a multiplicity and variety of industries that they can never all be "flat" at the same time. Half the population of Scotland is concentrated within an hour's ride from the Royal Exchange, and the whole of the west

coast of Scotland and its innumerable islands are practically suburban in their relations to Glasgow. From the little village on the Molendinar, evolved in turn a burgh of Barony, a Royal burgh, a municipal burgh and a Parliamentary burgh. Around it grew up a number of other similar communities, all preserving municipal independence under commercial and social alliance. Bit by bit these burghs have (all but three, which still stand municipally aloof, though socially part and parcel of the community of Glasgow) been absorbed in the City, which two years ago was constituted a separate County. The municipal area now covers 11,860 acres, the rental is £4,165,869, and the population of the whole area constituting Glasgow proper may be assumed to be now not less than 850,000.

The greatest municipal developments have taken place under the Lord-Provostships of Sir James King and Sir James Bell, (whose portraits we give upon each of whom the Queen bestowed a baronetcy. Sir James King is Chairman of the Clydesdale Bank, whose head-quarters are in Glasgow, is a



PRINCIPAL CAIRD

From a photograph by T. and R. Annan and Sons

large manufacturer, and is associated with all the leading mercantile and philanthropic enterprises of the place. Sir James Bell, the present highly popular Lord Provost, may be said to represent the shipping element, being an extensive

ship-owner, but he is also largely interested in the development of enterprises connected with electricity, and he was one of the pioneers of the now immense import trade in refrigerated meat from America and Australasia. It is said to be the dream of Sir James Bell's life to purify the Clyde. It is a great ambition, but the task is Herculean, for the river has come to be a sort of common sewer for an immense population all the way along its banks from Lanark to Greenock. Before it became a sewer the Clyde was only a ditch, and how the citizens of Glasgow cleft and dug their way to the sea until the largest vessels afloat could come and load and discharge at their very doors, is one of the marvels

sions now in progress are completed the works will be capable of supplying 100,000,000 gallons per day, or about double the present average consumption. The Corporation also undertakes the supply of gas and electric light, but it cannot be said that the extension of the electric light has been commensurate with the importance and wealth of the City. Municipal enterprise has found further outlet in the acquisition and removal of insanitary dwellings, the provision of many parks and open spaces, the construction of model lodging-houses, artisans' dwellings, baths and wash-houses, and the like, and in the organisation of an enormous and tireless sanitary department. The latest



THE CATHEDRAL.

of engineering. This was the work of the Clyde Navigation Trustees, whose duties are to maintain the fairway, and provide and supervise the immense dock and harbour accommodation, of which our illustration presents one view. The Lord Provost of Glasgow is *ex officio* chairman of this important body, which has to cater for shipping to the extent of five million tons annually, and has a revenue of £370,000.

Having converted a ditch into a river, and a creek into a spacious harbour, Glasgow proceeded to construct an aqueduct of pipes and tunnels to bring the water of Loch Katrine a distance of 34 miles into the City. The cost of bringing Loch Katrine to the City was three and a-half millions sterling, and when the exten-

departure has been the acquisition by the Corporation of the tramways, previously worked by a company on lease. Since the middle of 1894 this service has been under municipal management, and is expected to prove, ultimately, a large source of profit to the ratepayers. At present it is claimed that Glasgow has the cheapest and best tramway service in the Kingdom; but the citizens look forward to something better when a substitute for horse-power can be found.

As she grew in wealth and in municipal dimensions Glasgow built unto herself a stately pleasure-dome, not with caves of ice like that of Kubla Khan, but with a marble staircase that is generally supposed to be one of the wonders of the world. It is certainly

very beautiful, and it was assuredly very costly. The City Buildings, of which we present a view, cost £530,000, and or were being done, Dr. Albert Shaw came over from America and discovered Glasgow. He declared it all to be very



the odd £30,000 may be put down against the marble staircase and adjuncts.

When all these things were done,

good, and assured the world that in respect of method, constitution and enterprise, Glasgow may claim not the second

but the first, place among the communities of Great Britain. Municipal London is only about a mile in extent, and con-

Dr. Shaw says it is a model municipality, and holds it up to the admiration and imitation of the world. Nor, *pace* Bir-



type

GLASGOW BRITAIN

tains a population of less than 40,000; Municipal Glasgow covers many miles, and had in 1891 a population of 657,000.

mingham, is the very wide of the mark.

The casual visitor to Glasgow is often disposed to regard it as rather a depress-



THE HIGH STREET

ing study in grey. Undoubtedly its tone is sombre, but there is an undeniable majesty in the elevation of its buildings, and in the grand sweep of its spacious streets. There are times, in early morning or by sunset, when unexpected beauties of perspective burst upon the street-farer. The general plan of the modern city is rectangular, it is built upon a low range of hills, and is encircled so picturesquely by other ranges, that there is nothing of the "level waste, the rounded grey," in itself or its environment. A popular delusion exists south of the Tweed that a perpetual rain-cloud broods over Glasgow, but this must be ranked amongst southern fallacies, such as that Edinburgh is in the Highlands, that everybody north of the Tweed wears the kilt, and that the Regent Street of Glasgow answers to the name of "Bewkannon."

In art and culture Glasgow professes to be half-a-century ahead of the rest of the Kingdom. She has not only a School of Art and rich municipal art-treasures, but she has also an Art School of her own. Here, in this grey "sea-born city," is concentrated some of the most confident opinion and vigorous expression in matters of Art that one

can find out of London—if even there. The "Glasgow School" may not be yet as well-known in London as the "Newlyn School," but it is infinitely more original and more ambitious, and it is steadily carrying its Art message across the continent of Europe.

Glasgow is a city of "flats"—such as were once sneered at by Englishmen, but which are now being adopted all over the Kingdom—but it is also a city of education. No paper on Glasgow would be complete without some reference to the striking building on Gilmorehill, in which Principal Caird, first of British preachers now that Canon Liddon is gone, presides with dignity over the historic University in which Adam Smith once held a chair, which has lately given a Professor of Greek to Cambridge and a Master of Balliol to Oxford, and in which the most distinguished scientist of our time, Lord Kelvin, President of the Royal Society, still occupies the chair of Natural Philosophy. Queen Margaret's College, for, what Sir Piercie Shafton would doubtless have, with truth as well as with elegance, termed "Molendinary Maidens," is now affiliated to the University, but St. Mungo's College, which has grown up extra-murally within the



SIR JAMES BELL

From a photograph by W. Ralston



SIR JAMES KING

From a photograph by T. and R. A. Smith

last seven years and which preserves in its title the local name of the City's patron saint, still retains its independence.

It is a city of kirks, too, quite as much

as Cologne is a city of churches. The spires that rise heavenward are innumerable, if the architecture of them is not always of most exalted order. A world of ecclesiastical and polemical tradition



JAMAICA STREET

clusters round the old Cathedral, which once gave shelter to three separate worshipping bodies—two of which afterwards erected comparatively large Bethels of their own in the structures which came to be known as the Barony Church, in which Norman Macleod long officiated, though the building associated with his ministry has been replaced by a more modern and less beautiful edifice; and the quaint old church of St. Paul's. Among the older ecclesiastical edifices, too, one may see, breaking the line of the great East and West thoroughfare, known as Argyle Street, the steeple of

and a mutton chop, "which his maid dressed very fine," with a little Malmsey and a bottle of Bordeaux. He was the prince of all good fellows, for whom punch and tears should still be shed.

There is the Saltmarket on the left, "in sorrow, grief, and wo," and where it joins with the main artery of Argyle Street is the quadrangular intersection known as "The Cross," where alone survives in modern Glasgow the ancient Scottish custom of ushering in the New Year with a dram. There, at mid-night on every 31st of December, is a sight to see.



THE UNIVERSITY

the old Tron Church in which Dr. Chalmers alternately thundered and sentimentalised on economics and astronomy. This old steeple projects over the very pavement along which the renowned Captain Paton, of whom "we ne'er shall see the like no mo'."

*"In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan:
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck,
On the shoes of Captain Paton."*

and where "along the plainstones like a Provost he would go," on his way to the coffee house, or maybe to foregather with a friend whom he would invite to dine with him off a herring,

"A town ca'd, Glasgow!" cried Andrew Fairservice in wrath when Francis Osbaldistone asked him to direct him "the nearest way to a town in your country of Scotland called Glasgow." "Glasgow's a ceety, man." Andrew was right. But if Glasgow was a "ceety" in the days of Rob Roy, it claims now to be in everything but name a metropolis. Her citizens are as good-natured and hospitable as they were in the days of Bailie Nicol Jarvie. They can still be stirred into fierce wrath, however. That is when Edinburgh seeks, in virtue of history or legal right, to exercise metropolitan privileges over them.

From Generation to Generation.

THE FAMILY OF SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



SIR JAMES LEIGHTON: SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S GRANDFATHER.

FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE DAWE, R.A.



MR. FREDERIC SEFTIMUS TIGHTON: SIR FREDERIC TIGHTON'S FATHER



MRS. LIGHTON: SIR FREDERIC LIGHTON'S MOTHER



MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR: SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON'S SISTER

FROM A PAINTING BY SIR FREDERIC



SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
DRAWN BY G. G. MANTON



ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

A FIT OF MADNESS.



HE Birthday honours were particularly interesting one year, and they were discussing the list with some little animation round at the Club. Naturally enough I referred to the subject an hour or two later in Smurthwaite's rooms, sneering, as the men at

the Club had done, at a certain obnoxious nonentity upon whom a baronetcy had been conferred.

"I daresay you are right," said Smurthwaite. "For myself I am chiefly interested to see that Morrison has got his K.C.B."

"Morrison?" I exclaimed, looking at the list in my *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Something official, isn't he?"

"He's in the—well, if I am to tell you his story I had better say simply that he is an honoured and respected servant of the public."

"Having said that," I suggested, "you may as well go ahead with the story."

"I must tell you," said Smurthwaite, "that I only came into the story at the very end. It was a long time in the enactment, and goes back, indeed, to the day when Morrison was married. He was six-and-twenty then, and for ten

years he attended regularly to the duties of his office, and lived a perfectly humdrum sort of life, which ought to have gone on placidly, with a gradual increase of emoluments and decrease of work, until the time came when he should retire to the enjoyment of a comfortable pension."

"But surely," I said, "surely the Birthday list shows that those who anticipated such a career for him were perfectly right?"

"Perhaps," said Smurthwaite, "but I was going to tell you a story. . . . For ten years this man had lived a regular and commonplace life, and then came a day when he was walking with a friend, one Fletcher, in a public place. This friend, meeting a lady of his acquaintance, introduced Morrison, but did so in such a way that—as is common with people newly introduced to one another—neither caught the other's name correctly. They all three walked together for a little while, and then, the friend being suddenly called away, Morrison offered to conduct the lady to her destination, and his offer was accepted.

"I am not prepared to say how far his eccentricities would have gone had matters remained as they were when he left her presently. Miss Stonor—that was her name—was a spinster of somewhere over thirty. She had means of her own, and had just returned from some years of

travel on the Continent. Fletcher, who had known her parents, was the only acquaintance she and Morrison had in common. This much came out in the course of conversation. Also, when they parted she called him by a name—Martingale, if I remember rightly—which was utterly unlike his own, and he did not enlighten her as to her error.

"I do not remember that he ever attempted to account for his subsequent conduct by laying the blame on Providence, but if you will suppose that he left Miss Stonor very much infatuated with her, and knowing the extent to which she was ignorant as to his identity, you must admit that the next thing I have to tell you looks as if Fate had taken a hand in the comedy of these lives. For Morrison read in the morning paper, as he breakfasted the next day, that Fletcher was dead. He had left his friends to transact some business, and on the way to the place appointed had been knocked down by a hansom and killed at once.

"Again the progress of the story must be left to your imagination for a time. Certain it is that Morrison continually visited Miss Stonor, and that she still remained in perfect ignorance of his real name. He even told her some lie as to the calling he followed, and explained the paucity of his acquaintances by enlarging on the absorbing nature of his business.

"Finally, his holiday approaching, he told his wife that his doctor had recommended him to go abroad, to take a course of the waters at some Continental health-resort. She suspected nothing, having perceived no change in his conduct, and so he left her. A few weeks before he had proposed to Miss Stonor and been accepted. It was arranged that—since neither of them was particularly youthful or had many friends who needed to be consulted—they should be married very quietly. The ceremony

took place on the second day of the holiday which Morrison was supposed to be spending at a Continental watering-place, and Miss Stonor took to calling herself Mrs. Martingale.

"They started for the Continent together and there spent a very pleasant honeymoon at a place hard by that at which Morrison had told his wife he would be staying. Every day or two he would drive over there to get his letters and go into a *café* to write the necessary



THE DISCUSSION AT THE CLUB

replies. And towards the end of the time allowed for his holiday they returned to England and took a house somewhere in the south of London.

"Now it would seem incredible that a man previously of notably regular habits should be able to begin to live a double life—to be husband to two wives—without detection. Yet Morrison, when he had left his office, was alternately the man he had always been in the past, and Mr. Martingale, 'something in the city.'

"Neither of the women appear to have suspected anything, nor did there

occur any awkward *contretemps* such as would have happened in nine cases out of ten, to bring about the disclosure of his secret. It is easy to imagine that this result was not attained without a tremendous strain upon the man's nerves—to say nothing of his pocket—and so it was only natural that in the end he should grow tired of his double life and long for the placidity he had enjoyed before the time of his meeting with Miss

pursued him still, and so was resolved to throw himself overboard before the vessel on which he was a passenger should have reached Port Said. After that she heard nothing of him.

"She somehow did not believe that he was dead; it was so obviously unnecessary for a man to go half-way to India to do the deed if he had once really resolved on suicide. She wisely resolved to let the dead past bury its dead, if it would, and, in the meantime, went back to her old life, and lived as happily as might be under her own name.

"She never met the man who had pretended that he was her husband. He was living the commonplace existence against which this mad escapade of his may have been a protest; and, knowing now what it was to lack placidity and calm, was thoroughly enjoying his return to tranquility. His official position was one of greater responsibility, and his wife looked upon him as a sort of epitome of the conjugal virtues.

"For some years Miss Stonor was not permitted to forget the unpleasant episode of her marriage, which was not a marriage. She met, after seven years, a country gentleman of very old family, a childless widower who fell deeply in love with her and asked her to marry him.

"It would have been all right if she had been able to tell him that his attentions were unwelcome, but this was not the case. After



"SHE SHOWED HIM THE LETTER"

Stonor. But this was not until the deception had been successfully carried on for close upon seven months.

"Then the man seems to have got thoroughly tired out. He finally returned to his lawful wife, and managed to get a letter, addressed to the other woman, posted at Brindisi. In this he confessed to her, in more or less general terms, that he had been a blackguard to her. He added that, having taken steamer to India in order to escape from his trouble, he found that remorse for his evil deed

a long interval of distressful doubts she decided to tell him the whole of her story. She did so, showing him the letter which had come to her from Brindisi to announce the pretended suicide of Morrison. Her lover behaved rather curiously for so inveterate a Tory as he was: he pointed out that seven years had elapsed since she had heard from Martingale, so that, in any case, she had the right to marry again. She did so, and became Mrs. Cleary, living thereafter on her husband's estate in Ireland.

"From that time forward all went pleasantly enough. The letter from Brindisi was all that remained to keep Mrs. Cleary in mind of the things she would fain have forgotten. Investigation was made, so far as investigation was possible under the circumstances of the case, into the story contained in that letter. That is to say, an inquiry was made with a view to discovering whether any man who might have been the mysterious 'Martingale' had committed suicide between Brindisi and Port Said at about the time of the despatch of the letter. Mrs. Cleary had never believed

to his master and begged his assistance and advice.

"Mr. Cleary heard his tale, and could not understand why the money was not paid to him still. He appeared, so far as his master could see, to have omitted none of the prescribed formalities, and so a letter was eventually written to the office within whose province the matter would naturally come, detailing the circumstances of the case and asking for an explanation of the delay in the payment of the money. That letter was the means of the clearing up of the mystery which had so long troubled Mrs. Cleary.



"HIS WIFE ROSE AND CAME TO HIS SIDE"

that the suicide had actually come to pass, and the negative evidence assigned in the course of the inquiry tended to confirm her in the opinions that she held.

"The event which brought matters to the climax long expected by the lady was the hiring of a new gardener—or lodge-keeper, I forget which—by her husband. This man also had been—well, let us say that he had been a servant of the public. He was entitled to a small pension, which he had hitherto received without any irregularity of payment. He had no sooner come to his new position, however, than the pension ceased to be paid to him because of some informality. Naturally he went

"A few days after the despatch of the letter there came a reply in an official envelope. It so hapened that Mrs. Cleary came down to breakfast a few minutes before her husband was ready, and, of course, she began at once to examine the pile of letters which lay upon the table.

"The gardener was a very good servant, and his wrongs had excited a good deal of sympathy in his employers. When, therefore, Mrs. Cleary saw that the official reply had arrived, she caught it up, and, being perfectly in her husband's confidence, opened and began to read it. But she was strangely disturbed by the dull official letter, in which



"HE BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY"

a Government clerk acknowledged the receipt of her husband's protest, and promised that it should be attended to. She grew pale and scrutinised the thing closely. Then she slipped it into her pocket and left the room.

"Her husband presently came into the breakfast-room, and in a few minutes Mrs. Cleary returned and took her place at the head of the table. Mr. Cleary had received various letters of interest, and there was some piece of news in the morning's *Freeman* which suggested conversation. He talked on pleasantly, therefore, hardly noticing that his wife's replies were mainly monosyllabic, so that, if you had looked in upon them, you would have said that here was a comfortable middle-aged couple, excellently situated, and as far removed from any mysterious trouble as man and woman could be.

"Presently, however, Mrs. Cleary spoke. 'There was another letter for you,' she said nervously.

"Mr. Cleary looked up, puzzled. 'Another?'

"'Yes,' she said, holding out the letter. 'I opened it.'

"'Why that's the reply as to old Jameson's pension,' exclaimed her husband. 'Oh! it is only an acknowledgment of my letter.'

"His wife stopped him. 'Oh!' she said, 'the contents can wait. Look at the handwriting.'

"Mr. Cleary did so, and as he looked at the writing, a look of being puzzled gradually came over his face. 'I seem to know it,' he said presently.

"His wife rose and came to his side. She laid an open letter on the table in front of him, and then placed the official note beside it. 'Do you recognise it now?'

"'My God!' cried Cleary, 'It is the same writing. We have found the man at last.'

"By a strange coincidence, such as only could have happened in real life, the letter was written and signed by Morrison, under whose attention the matter had come. Cleary read as far as the signature. 'The scoundrel has

changed his name,' he said. 'Now the question is to decide on what we are to do.'

"After that there followed an eager discussion of the modes of procedure open to them. Mr. Cleary had a sister who lived hard by, and to her his wife had already confided the secret of her past. She was now called in to assist on deciding a course. It was finally arranged that the two ladies should go up to London and interview Morrison.

"They did so. They were shown into the room he occupied, and even a stranger could not have doubted that he was guilty. He broke down completely, and begged that in her great kindness the woman he had wronged would withhold her hand and do nothing to destroy his position, whether official or otherwise. He swore that he had done what he did in a sudden fit of inexplicable madness, and then again implored mercy at the hands of the two women, who listened contemptuously.

"Luckily for him it would have been a suicidal policy to expose him. It was at this juncture that I was called in, and very soon a decree annulling the marriage with him was obtained. There was no opposition; the names and stations of the parties were slurred over as far as was possible; and in a little while Mrs. Cleary had effectually cut herself off from her unpleasant memories of the past."

Smurthwaite paused. Outside the dusk settled down slowly. The roar of London was very distant, as it seemed. "And Morrison?" I asked.

"Your evening paper tells you how he has prospered as a public servant. I believe, too, that his wife is just as ignorant as the public of his escapade. It must have been a brief madness. For the future he will doubtless be the sanest and most commonplace of men, and prosper greatly."

As a matter of fact Smurthwaite's prophecy was justified by the events which followed. Morrison died a few years after I heard this story, and the obituaries in the morning papers were eloquent of a sincere respect.

The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

The "Ludgate" medals were again sought after by many competitors; and, especially in the case of the photographs, the task of adjudication was by no means easy. Finally the medal was awarded to Miss Mabel Stopford, 52, Carlisle Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., for her study of cattle. Five other pictures were deemed worthy of commendation, and are accordingly reproduced here. The best set of verses was "Bimini," by Ernest A. Carr, Lyndall, 91, Thurlestone Road, West Norwood, S.E. "On the Pier," by F. C. R., and "The Passing of the Year," by E. Macdowell Cosgrove, were commended. As to the drawings, "A Legend," by C. W. Crosby, was excellent in parts, but the "Sweet Anne Page" of W. Halcombe, Estaville, Sunnyside, Herne Bay, was deemed completer, and obtained the medal. The best short story was "Are you Glad?" of Miss Bertha Bawden, Tamar View, Tavistock. In the next Photographic Competition there is no restriction as to subject.

THE BEST SHORT STORY.

ARE YOU GLAD?

BY MISS BERTHA BAWDEN, *Tamar View, Tavistock.*



AP, tap, tap, goes my lady's slipper on the fender rail. Tap, tap, tap, it echoes round the room, the only sound that breaks the silence. They have been quarrelling, as any one might see had such an one been present. The man waits, expecting something more, then with an assumed carelessness shrugs his shoulders and marches out of the room, remarking as he goes that he shall dine at the club, and she need not wait up for him. So she is left with a long, lonely evening before her for the first time since her marriage. As the door closes behind him she looks around the luxuriously furnished room, which seems to her very like a gilded cage—and yet she must own her keeper is kind to her—or has been up to this evening—and now they have been quarrelling for nothing at all.

Her mind goes back, as any woman's would at such a time, to her old home. Once more she is beautiful Miss Annesley, living with an old maiden aunt. She had few or no friends, for women failed to see that anything so cold and

lovely needed sympathy; they envied her and some disliked her; a few were simply indifferent, but they were rich and she was poor. She had two younger sisters at school, and they did not think her cold.

It was for their sakes, partly, that she had given in when everyone persuaded her to marry a rich man, and the man himself laid out his treasures temptingly before her while he assured her of his love. She ought to be happy, but to-night she is not.

Several hours later, when her husband comes in, he finds her sitting before the fire with hands lightly lying in her lap, doing nothing. "Why did you wait up for me?" he asks, gently. "I told you to go to bed."

"I don't know," she answers. "I thought I shouldn't sleep."

The man sits in the chair opposite and they watch the fire together.

"Captain Chilton was at the Club," says he, breaking the silence.

A change passes over her; she seems to wake up and the man, without looking, feels it. "Did you see much of him?"

"No, I choked him off." For a few seconds the fire again claims all attention; then he continues: "He was

several seas over. I don't think anyone was particularly glad to see him; he has not been very popular lately. Then he talks in such a sickening way of the Mayor's red-headed daughter, wants to make one believe he's madly in love with her and wishes she hadn't a brass farthing—when he's sober. To-night he cursed some other woman for driving him to the—— I beg your pardon——”

“He was not always bad,” said the woman.

“No?”

“I used to like him,” she continues.

“So he said.”

The colour rises angrily in her face; but the man looks in the fire as if he saw it not. “Perhaps it is the fault of that—that woman he talked about—I mean that he seeks forgetfulness in other things now,” says she.

“Do you think so? I don't. A man has himself to thank most of all for what he is or is not. It's cowardly to put it off on anyone else.”

“You may be right, and yet——”

“Oh, yes, I'm right. I knew a girl once who married a man of his sort. Do you think she was happy or he any the better for it? No! What do you think happened to her in the end?”

The woman slips from her chair upon the hearthrug and holds her hands out to the blaze; she feels as if he were talking of her and it makes her shiver. “Shall I tell you?” he goes on, gently pulling his chair nearer and propping a cushion against his knee that she may lean back. “She became a burden to him. For years he was simply indifferent, which was hard, for she was a beautiful woman. Now and again, she

told me, he would feel proud of her as a show-card. This was after his love had died, and it didn't live long. And so time went on until she found that she interfered with his plans and his pleasures, and when his regiment went abroad she stayed at home and people pitied her. Would you like to be pitied, little one?”

“If she was beautiful,” said the woman, putting aside his question; “why did he tire of her?”

“That was just it: it was only her beauty he loved and when the novelty wore off he ceased to see it.”

“Surely that was her fault?”

“Her fault again! Why are you so hard on your sex?”

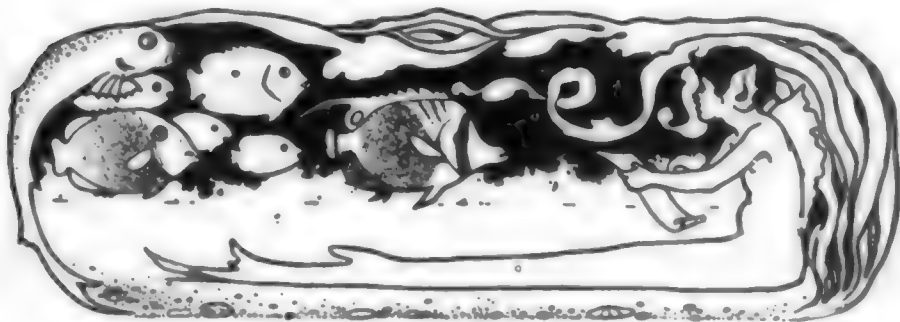
“Because—oh I don't know,” and her hands tremble as she stretches them out to the fire. “But did she love him?”

“I hope not!” said the man. Again there is silence in the room; then: “The fellows are going to put Chilton out of the Club; they can't stand him any longer,” says he. “I want to tell you why it was that I went to your aunt before I spoke to you: why I told her the length of my rent-roll and the number of my acres. It was because you should not marry him!”

The man's face is very white as he watches the fair head on the cushion against his knee. “Some day,” he goes on softly, as if in pain; “some day you will be glad,” and he lightly touches the coils of her hair.

For a minute she watches a small piece of coal sputtering in the grate; then, drawing his hand down over her cheek, she murmurs:

“I am glad—now!”



The Best Drawing.



*O! That my love could but engage
Her passing notice—sweet Anne Page!*

BY W. HALCOMBE. Estaville, Sunny Side, Herne Bay



The Best Set of Verses.

BIMINI.

LISTEN! a voice through the voices borne,
A singer's voice in the dusty street:
"Comrades, weary and spent and worn,
Toiling and fainting in day's long heat,
Sigh ye for rest and its raptures sweet?
Will ye not seek them in Bimini?"

"In the fair fields of that dim far shore
Peace dwells, and beauty, and changeless spring.
Toilers, your labours shall all be o'er,
Lovers, no partings your hearts shall wring:
Mothers of sorrow, dark Sorrow's wing
Stirs not the stillness of Bimini."

Pallid faces grow flushed and bright,
Sad hearts leap at the haunting song,
Darkened eyes catch a gleam of light,
Weary souls for a space grow strong:
Old and young round the singer throng.
"Lead, ah lead us to Bimini!"

Why do they falter and turn away—
Shrink from the words that the singer saith?
Turn to their toil and the garish day?
Weird is the message he whispereth:
"Through the dark valley of lonely Death
Lieth the pathway to Bimini!"

BY ERNEST A. CARR, *Lyndall, 91, Thurlestone Road, West Norwood, S.E*



The Best Photograph.



STUDY OF CATTLE: MEDAL PHOTOGRAPH
BY MISS MABEL STOPFORD, 52, *Carlisle Mansions, S.W.*



COCKINGTON SMITHY, SOUTH DEVON: COMMENDED
BY C. P. CAMERON, *Edinburgh*



CATTLE BY WINDERMERE LAKE : COMMENDED
BY S. RICHMOND, *Lancaster*



SHEEP FEEDING : COMMENDED
BY J. W. LETHBRIDGE, *Wellingborough*



A COOL RESORT: COMMENDED
BY W. SMEDLEY, *Aston*



JERSEY NATIVE: COMMENDED
BY A. C. TOWNSEND, *Birmingham*

Holiday Paris.

BY RALPH DERECHEFF.



ANY of the outward and visible signs of the approach of the New Year in Paris are identical with those the Briton is familiar withal. The shopkeeper, for instance, is at pains to jog the memories of his fellow-men. He baits his traps or he dresses his windows, which you will, with cunning, for he is certain that, for most mortals, things are what they seem, despite the saying to the contrary. It cannot be denied that the result is a delight to the eye. The Parisian tradesman is an artist in his line, and provides gay presents and high fare to reach the heart of the subject at a bound. The festivities begin with a feast and end with the making of gifts. The curtain rises on Christmas Eve, the joyous *nuît de réveillon* when fewer Parisians go supperless to bed than on any other night in the year. The most sober-sided folk indulge in a measure of revelry. Truth to tell, the origin of these rejoicings is not in accord with the shape they take at the present day. In France, as in other Catholic countries, the memorable anniversary is ushered in by solemn mass from midnight till one o'clock in the morning. At two o'clock begins another mass, *le messe de l'aurore* and finishes not till four. The interval between the two celebrations gave those who attended them an opportunity of taking simple, and surely necessary, food. The frugal meal has become a function of a different kind. The Christmas Eve supper of the average Parisian is an excuse for merry-making, whereof the most is made. The gay capital—the cliché may not be avoided—is never gayer. For weeks notices are posted in all the more frequented restaurants announcing that in honour of the famous fête they will remain open throughout the night. The closing hour is abolished for the nonce, and the French equivalent for "Time, gentlemen,

please!" will not interrupt the most belated roysterers.

The Christmas Eve supper, properly understood and duly honoured, must be eaten at a restaurant. The youth of the city, and a goodly number of its elders, observe this unwritten law. The consequence is that at any favourite resort a seat is hard to get. The impression left by a stroll through the streets is that all the city is feasting. Within the *cafés* the scene is animated enough to stem the tears of a weeping philosopher. The Frenchman is not in the habit of taking his pleasure sadly, and on the night of the *réveillon* he would hold it a sin not to amuse himself to the top of his bent. To attain his end he pays careful attention to two points. He sees to it that he sups in agreeable company and that he sups well. According to tradition there are certain dishes that ought to figure on the bill of fare, just as in Britain a Christmas dinner should include plum pudding and roast turkey. The turkey is also countenanced by the Frenchman, on the condition that it is truffled, or in default of the king of the mushroom tribe, it may be served with a *purée de marrons*, a thick sauce concocted of mashed chestnuts. Sucking pig is another dainty appropriate to the occasion, but the speciality most in vogue is *boudin*, a species of black pudding whereof, however, the most delicate variety is white. The Parisian, it is true, is inclined to neglect these time-honoured dishes in favour of any fare that happens to be most to his taste. There is reason to hold that this sumptuous supper, indulged in on Christmas Eve, is a beneficial institution, in spite of the nightmares and matutinal headaches it provokes. It braces up the hapless Parisian to meet the tribulations in store for him; it provides him with a reserve fund of good spirits, instils him with Dutch courage. And he stands in need of this strengthening, for a period of sore trial lies before him. Custom decrees that at this season of the year

ne must make innumerable presents, even at the risk of ruining himself, in kind or in sterling coin of the Republic. The plague of *étrennes*, as the New Year gifts are styled, is upon him. If he does not comply with the unwritten law he will find himself a social pariah. In England you know the Christmas present and the Christmas box, and also the Christmas "card," but the *étrenne* surpasses in horror all these things combined. It is an obligation that weighs most heavily, perhaps, on the man who goes much into society. To every hostess who has

yet they have proved as futile as the attempts to abolish Christmas-boxes, or tips to waiters or railway porters.

The New Year box is levied in much the same way, and by much the same people as the Christmas-box in Britain



"MUST BE EATEN AT A RESTAURANT"

entertained him he must make practical recognition of the hospitable "favours received," in the shape of a present that will be esteemed—such is the hideous reality—in proportion to its cost. Formerly the tax was lighter, as it was understood that the money value of the *étrenne* should be small, but Fashion has now ordained that the gifts shall be expensive. Efforts have been made to put an end to this senseless toll, but as

Still there are a few slight differences of detail. For instance, in the case of the postman the fee takes the form of payment for an article you would be perfectly content to remain without. The fiction is that he makes you a present, and that you requite him at the rate of a hundred times its value, for of the largeness of his heart he invites your acceptance of a calendar, indifferently printed on a square of pasteboard.

and is content to receive in return a substantial offering in cash. The dustman, too, is a greater nuisance than his British brother, in that he has a double. There is the official dustman in the pay of the municipality, and the private dustman, the dustman by vocation, the *chiffonnier*, who picks over your bin to his own profit before its contents are carted away at the expense of the ratepayer. For some occult reason, after you have helped him to a living, he expects you to brighten his New Year. The street sweepers in Paris make a like demand on your loving kindness, as indeed does every manner of individual who by hook or by crook can make a pretence of proving that he has rendered you some service, for which he has already received his reward. Most brazen sinners in this respect are the barber's assistants, whom in France you are expected to tip whenever you pass through their hands. Towards the close of December they install a plate in a conspicuous position, taking care to bait it with a handful of silver, to make the customer believe that by adding to the pile he is only following in the footsteps of previous victims. The waiter is in the habit of resorting to a similar device, though he is forbidden to beg openly in the better-class establishments. All this enforced almsgiving is, however, but a bagatelle in comparison to that prime abuse, the making of unnecessary presents. They are made, be it observed, in honour of New Year's rather than of Christmas Day. This latter fête is kept more especially by children, who are often treated to a Christmas tree, though this custom is not so common as it is, for example, in Germany. Mistletoe, which is thought in France to bring luck, is sold by street hawkers, who carry it round in big bundles attached to the ends of a stick which they balance on their shoulders, crying the while: "*V'la le gui, v'la le gui. Au gui, l'an nouvel!*" The most usual form of rendering unto Cæsar the things that are unfortunately Cæsar's—to return for a moment to the New Year's present—is in the guise of flowers or sweetmeats. The flowers have this advantage, that they may be admired before they are sold in the windows of the florists, who always make a brave show and who surpass themselves at this season of the year. The bonbons are chiefly interesting as a source of miracles. Their price, the ingenuity with

which they are put upon the market, and even the fact that they are presumably eaten, all these matters border on the stupendous. The tradesman, realising that in view of the price of sugar, there must be a limit to the cost of the lollipop naked and ashamed, has decided that before the chocolate cream or the *praline* can be utilised decently as a gift it must be enwrapped in a complex covering far removed from the screw of paper of our youth. In the New Year bonbon the secreted sweetmeat bears about the same importance to its elaborate receptacle as the bread in Falstaff's dinner to the sack, an arrangement which is good for trade, pleasing enough to the eye, but distinctly bad for the pocket.

Of course, there are plenty of purses in Paris that are scantily lined, and in their interest there is a vast display of presents that do not cost "the eyes of the head," as the French say: which are sold, that is, at popular prices. To allow the sellers of these humbler *étrennes* to come into contact with their customers, an institution flourishes in Paris which forms the most distinctive feature of the New Year celebrations in the capital. About a week before Christmas Day the boulevard in the course of a single night undergoes a complete transformation. Constructed in the twinkling of an eye, the *barraques* have sprung up on the footway like mushrooms. From end to end of the "great boulevards," from the Place de l'Opéra to the Place de la République, both sides of the thoroughfare are lined with wooden booths, pitched at intervals of a few feet. The fronts of these improvised shops face towards the pavement, so that the attention of the passer-by is challenged on the one side by the big tradesman and on the other by his upstart rival. The right to a stall in this temporary encampment is not to be had for nothing. The Municipal Council exacts payment from the occupiers of the booths, and the annual fair thus helps to swell the revenue of a city that is at no loss to spend all the money it can come by. Naturally, there are good "pitches" and bad. The former, like kissing, go by favour. The salesman who has a friend in court, an influential councillor to espouse his cause, may hope to rent a *baraque* fronting a frequented café, the light from which will add to the lustre of his own illuminations, or placed at a

corner where he gets the advantage of the traffic along a side street. The red-letter days for the fair are Christmas Eve and the Sundays preceding and following. The crowd gathers early in the afternoon, and is at its densest towards the approach of the dinner hour, when there is a moment of comparative calm followed by another period of activity, which lasts almost up to midnight. The fête is essentially a popular institution, and it is the masses rather than the classes that are abroad in its honour. On foot, or by tramway, or omnibus the dwellers in the suburbs and the populous quarters of the capital swarm down on the boulevard and wedge themselves into the narrow strip of



MISTLETOE IS SOLD BY HAWKERS

pavement left free for circulation. The throng surges to and fro at a snail's pace, coming at times to an absolute standstill at points where a booth of more than usual interest has centred the attention of the strollers and provoked a

block in the traffic. But nobody is in a hurry, and everyone resigns himself to drift with the stream, elbowing his passage as opportunity offers, and elbowed in his turn. From the coign of vantage provided by a seat outside a café the



IN THE GUISE OF FLOWERS.

scene may be watched at leisure. It is all the world and his wife and his little ones that is out and about. The function is a family affair. The holiday makers surge past not singly but in detachments, composed of groups of friends and relations, of households that have sallied forth in their full strength for the occasion. The youngsters especially are in their element, and troop by in numbers

that make it hard to believe that France is threatened with a diminishing population. Neither this apprehension nor any other interferes with the general enjoyment. The crowd is in splendid spirits and in its best clothes, delighted to have turned its back on its sorrows and labours, ready to be amused at the veriest trifle, and realising its own conception, mundane, doubtless, but genuine as far as it goes of peace and goodwill.

But what of the booths? Within them is a wondrous assemblage of treasures that may be esteemed cheap, or be cheaply esteemed, according as the soul of the sight-seer be simple or cynical.

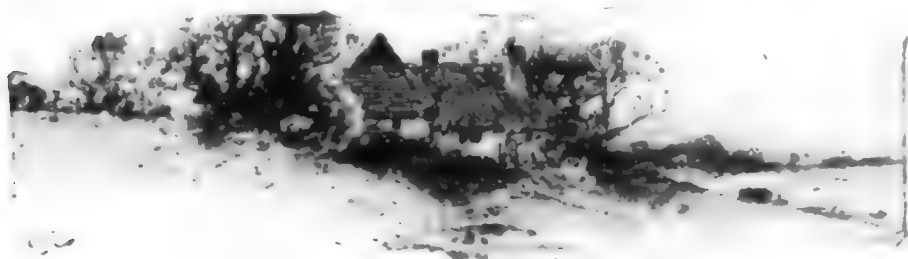


A MARCHAND DE BOUM-BOUM

The wares on sale are infinite in their variety. There are the respectable hardy annuals, the never-failing attractions that always draw the buyer, articles of established repute in which a brisk trade is certain. Of such is the "useful present," to hand in every conceivable shape. Here is a popular line in purses, whose imitation leather looks well to the eye and whose uniform price, whether it be ten sous or a franc, is, on the word of the salesman, a guarantee of eternal wear. A step further the small boy may puzzle his head for hours in deciding on the pocket-knife with which in the near future he shall cut his fingers. A neighbouring trader appeals to the artistic faculty with resplendent lithographs, sober line engravings, highly coloured photographs or portraits of such national heroes as M. Félix Faure, or the late Czar of Russia. Toy-shops abound, sweet-stalls crop up at every turn and the sellers of gingerbread-cakes are legion. French pancakes are cooking on squat, circular stoves with an appetising frizzle. Russians, in a garb that would excite astonishment in Moscow and who speak French with the accent usually identified with Montmartre, dispose of "caravan" tea on enamel ware supposed to be the handiwork of the *monjik*, but made more probably in Germany. More picturesque than the Muscovites, and far more genuine, are the sprinkling of Algerian Arabs, known to the small Parisians as the *marchands de boum-boum*. They

traffic in nougat and other sweetmeats, crying their goods with all the verve and glibness of tongue of the smartest and sharpest native. These latter gentry, the professional street salesmen of Paris, are masters of their craft and contribute more than any other class to the fun of the fair. Their persuasive oratory, their "patter," is the delight of the crowd, rattled off as it is in the popular slang with inimitable impudence and telling aptness of phrase. As a rule, too, the articles they offer from behind the description of pulpit that most of them adopt in preference to the more elaborate *baraque* are exceedingly ingenious. It is almost always one of their number that strikes on the *succès de l'année*, or the invention, be it toy or puzzle or what not, that is the rage of the season, and, selling like wild-fire, is all over the town in a day or two. The year before last the "Miss Helyett" dolls were the reigning attraction, while last year the palm was carried off by an imitation clay pipe, from the bowl of which, on blowing into its stem, arose a paper bantam cock.

For a week after New Year's day the booths remain in place and then disappear as they came: silently, suddenly, in the space of a winter's night. With them vanishes the last outward vestige of the stride the Calendar has made. The happy New Year is well under weigh and the Parisians are engaged in making the best of it with lightened pockets, if not always with lightened hearts.





WRITTEN BY E. S. GREW

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD



THE Princess Elizabeth Ward had not quite recovered from the unusual festivities of the day. All the afternoon a stream of people interested in the Hospital had rippled through the ward, leaving behind them a stir of excitement and the more substantial residue of flowers, and dolls, and playthings, and Christmas cards. Fur-clad ladies and benevolent gentlemen had stopped to ask the children unnumbered questions and to repeat the unvarying assurance that they "would soon be better." The solemn-faced little people in the cots had, here and there, responded to these advances, but more often been smitten with a tongue-tied shyness. But now that the last visitor had gone, they had recovered their tongues, and the sound of them was like that of children out of school. It was past the accustomed hour of bedtime, but the children had been promised that because it was New Year's Eve they should be allowed to stop up a little longer. So some of them lay awake looking at the swinging Japanese lanterns—which had been lighted for a little time—and here and there, where children had made friends, their cots were drawn close together so that they might chatter.

One of the cots, however, stood by itself. Its tenant, a very pretty little girl, with bright brown eyes, and soft hair, had stood up a large collection of Christmas cards on the board of the

cot, and behind this barricade was sipping her glass of milk and eating her sponge cake with a leisurely dignity. Sister Margaret, the nurse, stopped as she passed the cot. Then she stooped and silently re-tied the pink ribbon round the pretty head—an attention which the child accepted also without comment. The nurse was moving away before the child spoke.

"Sister!" she called.

"Yes, Kootchee."

"You said as we were goin' to have the Christmas Tree lighted up."

"Well, I'm going to light it very soon now. Don't you want your cot wheeled next to Clara James's?"

"No I don't," replied Kootchee. "I don't want to talk to her no more. She's a silly little thing."

A momentary smile shone in Sister Margaret's eyes. Kootchee's friendships were of very uncertain tenure. But her severe face kept its unsmiling gravity. She did not enquire into the cause of the quarrel, and had again moved away when Kootchee recalled her.

"You don't want to go yet," she complained. "You haven't got all that to do, I'm sure."

"I must go round, Kootchee; and I'm going to light the candles."

"Well, when you've lit the candles—"

"I'll come and say good-night to you, Kootchee."

"You will? Straight?"

"Yes."

The child nodded contentedly. "I tell you what," she said, "if you like you can wheel me up to that new child as

came in the other day; and I'll talk to her till you're ready."

The offer was in accord with the general unexpectedness of Kootchee's departures. The patient to whom she had offered to talk had only been moved into the ward a few days. She was a sickly child and very silent, and Sister Margaret, wheeling Kootchee's cot across the ward, had some misgivings about the success of the introduction.

However, she left the situation in Kootchee's hands. It was one in which that self-possessed young person appeared to find little embarrassment. She nodded to the stranger.

"I've got more Christmas cards than you," she began.

The other child looked listlessly at the two or three lying about the board of her own cot. "I had more give me last year," she said.

"Was you in 'orspital last year?" asked Kootchee.

"Yes."

"Go on: you weren't."

"I was," repeated the other, "but it wasn't here. It was another one, nicer than this, down in the country."

"Do you like bein' in 'orspital," asked Kootchee.

"I don' know, I'm sure. It's nice and quiet."

There was a long pause: the pale child looked straight in front of her. Kootchee re-arranged her Christmas cards and now and then turned her bright eyes with a quick glance at her companion.

"What funny 'air you've got," she remarked, at last.

"Yes," admitted the other child. "It was cut orf last time I was taken bad."

"I tell you what," said Kootchee, "if you like I'll give you some of my Christmas cards."

A faint interest showed itself on the other child's face, and, instructed by the donor, she proceeded to arrange her cards in imitation of Kootchee's stately row. Kootchee's conversational powers received a stimulus from the diversion.

"My name's Emily Ada Elliston," she volunteered. "I've broke my leg. What's yours?"

"Nelly Comfort," said the other.

"Well I never!" exclaimed Kootchee, "I should think you must have been measured for it. I've got an iron splint

to my leg," she added. "I *was* frightened when I come here first, I give you my word. I fell over a slide as I was a-coming out of school. Is your's your leg?"

"I don't know," said Nelly Comfort. "They thought I was better once. But I had to go back to another 'orspital."

The pretty child looked at the sickly one with bright, critical eyes and for a minute forgot to ask another question.

"I've been ill ever since I was a baby, on and orf," Nelly Comfort went on.

Kootchee re-arranged her cards silently. Her odd little brain was puzzling itself with the difficulty sometimes experienced by older people of finding the right thing to say.

"Well, never mind, dear," she said at last; "you'll p'raps be better soon."

"No I shan't," retorted Nelly Comfort. She turned impatiently away and closed her eyes on her pillow.

"Oh, come!" remonstrated Kootchee, "you don't want to take and go to sleep yet! Why Sister Margaret's goin' to light the candles on the Christmas Tree."

The other child turned her shoulder away still more decidedly.

"She is," reiterated Kootchee. "She is—straight. You don't know how lovely it'll look when all them candles is alight."

"I don't want to see 'em."

"Oh, very well," said Kootchee, "don't then! Only don't you ask me to wake you up when they *are* lighted, because I shan't!"

"You needn't."

"I shan't."

Nelly Comfort ostentatiously pulled her quilt further over her head.

"So you can go to sleep," added Miss Elliston, "you're a disagribble little thing."

Sister Margaret had completed her round of the ward; and now, lighting a taper, she began to touch the little red and yellow candles on the Christmas Tree.

"Oh, she's lighting 'em," cried Kootchee and a long drawn "O—o—h!" of admiration from some of the other cots confirmed her statement.

Nelly Comfort stirred slightly.

"Oh, isn't it *sweet*?" Kootchee observed—to anyone it might concern.

"I tell you," she added in words more particularly addressed to the next cot,

"Now all the candles is alight, it is *all* right."

Nelly turned half round.

"They're not," she said.

"They are," asserted Kootchee. "They are reely. I'll take me word."

The other child sat up again and the two of them looked along the ward at the Christmas Tree: and at the tiny flames flickering against the blackness. The light of the candles was reflected in their eyes. It was a long time before either of them stirred or spoke. At last Nelly Comfort sighed.

"Well, Kootchee," said Sister Margaret, "isn't it time you went to sleep yet?"

"Oh, no, Sister Margaret. Not yet. Jest a little longer. Besides you'd ought to tell me a story to-night."

"But——"

"Then I will go to sleep. Reely."

Sister Margaret, who had finished wheeling back the cot, stood over it a moment.

"I must first go and put out some of the lights," she said.

When she had done this she returned



"FUR-CLAD LADIES AND BENEVOLENT GENTLEMEN"

"I think I shall go to sleep now," she said, "if you don't mind."

"Shall you," replied Kootchee. "Are you gettin' sleepy?"

"Yes."

"Well, good-night then," said Kootchee.

"Good-night."

The two of them looked at one another for a moment or two. "Good-night," said Kootchee again, and then the children leaned towards one another like the letter A and kissed.

Kootchee was not in the least sleepy. When Sister Margaret came to wheel the cot back to its place she found her still staring at the Christmas Tree.

and seated herself by the side of the cot. Kootchee could just see one or two of the candles of the Christmas Tree sparkling behind her. Sister Margaret was herself in shadow.

"What are you goin' to tell me about?" asked the little girl.

"I've told you all my stories, Kootchee."

"Well, look here," suggested Kootchee, "you tell me that one over again about the little beggar gell and the garden."

"Shall I? But that's such an old story, Kootchee."

"I don't mind. You know the one I mean: about the little gell who wished."

"Yes," said Sister Margaret.

"Well, go on."

"Once upon a time," began the nurse, obediently, "there was a poor little girl who was very tired, because she had been walking ever so long a time along the dusty road."

"Was she a little lame gell?" asked Kootchee.

"Perhaps she was," admitted Sister Margaret, "but she was very, very tired and hungry, when all at once she came to a great gate of ivory and gold by the wayside. She stopped before it a long time, not daring to go in; but presently, since she didn't see anybody looking, she just stepped inside. And when she had passed the great gates she found herself in the most beautiful garden you can imagine. There were lovely flowers blooming everywhere, and on the trees the fruit and the blossom grew side by side. Fountains were sparkling in the sunlight and——"

"Was there anybody else there?"

"Yes. In the distance the little beggar could see other children playing ever so merrily——"

"Nice little gells?" asked Kootchee, "with yeller 'air and big sashes tied round 'em?"

"Yes," agreed the nurse, "and there were silver tables about everywhere. Some of them were heaped up with lovely dresses, and others with the most wonderful toys, and there were others which were spread with all sorts of good things to eat."

"Jam tarts and custards?"

"Yes, and lots of other things. And the poor beggar girl was very hungry, and she was just going to stretch out her hand to one of the tables, when she perceived two birds that sang on a bough of a tree."

"Now it's comin'," interjected Kootchee.

"And one of the birds sang always, 'I wish I was,' and the other sang, 'I wish I had.' And the little girl, without thinking, said, 'Oh how I wish that all the poor little children in the world could be here and see this lovely garden and the trees, and the fountains!'"

"Ah!"

"And still the birds kept singing, 'I wish I had,' and 'I wish I was,' and the little girl forgetting that she was hungry said, 'Oh how I wish they could all have some of these lovely dresses and play with the toys——'"

"And 'ave some of the lovely fruit and cakes," finished Kootchee. "Yes?"

"And then the wishing garden all vanished away utterly. For it was enchanted: and it had been decreed that the spell should come to an end if anyone should ever enter the garden, and wish two wishes without asking anything for herself."

The nurse's even voice ceased, and for some moments Kootchee was silent too.

"What a shame!" she said at last.

"What was, Kootchee?"

"Why," complained Kootchee, "she didn't get anything."

"Perhaps she did after all," said Sister Margaret.

"Did she?" said the child: Sister Margaret's belief reassured her. "Do wishes always come true?"

Sister Margaret shook her head. "Nct always."

"But don't they ought," persisted Kootchee, "if you wish for somebody else? Do they come true then?"

"Surely," said Sister Margaret in a very low voice, as if speaking to herself, "Surely not all in vain."

"If I'd been her," Kootchee chattered on, paying no heed to the response, "I should have wished one wish for myself, and then one wish for somebody else. I'd have wished you something. And then I'd have wished that poor little gell I've been talkin' to, and then——"

"And what would you have left for yourself, Kootchee?"

"Oh, there's ever so many things," said Kootchee, "I think I should have liked to be a lovely Princess like the Sleepin' Beauty. And then I think I'd like to grow up into a tall nurse like you, Sister Margaret."

"You couldn't have both, Kootchee."

"Couldn't I? Couldn't I reely? Then I don't know which I should have. Which would you have if you wished?"

"But I am a nurse, Kootchee."

"And wouldn't you have ever liked to be a Princess and live happy ever after?"

Sister Margaret did not reply; the child looked at her: but the nurse's face was in shadow.

"Did you wish?" Kootchee persisted.

"Yes," said the nurse at last.

"And the wish came true?"

The Sister's reply was so low it could not have been meant for the child.



"WAS SHE A LITTLE LAME GIRL?" ASKED KOOTCHEE

"Yes," she whispered, "it was what I wished."

"Then," said Kootchee, "I shan't have to wish you anything. But," she added, after a pause, in which neither had spoken, "but I will. On'y I can't

think of anything to-night. And now I'll go orf to sleep. So good-night."

She held up her face to be kissed. "Why, Sister," she whispered, as the nurse's worn face touched her fresh young one, "Sister, you're cryin'!"



A FAMOUS BOOK OF AUTOGRAPHS.

IN my quest of the curious I happened, the other day, on the shop of Mr. "Willie" Clarkson, the famous maker of stage wigs and other theatrical properties. While standing before his window of grinning masks and beauteous head-gear, I suddenly recalled a wonderful book the courteous perruquier had shown to me, long ere the *Ludgate* and I discovered we were made to minister to each other's needs. Without hesitation I passed into the place.

"Hope I don't intrude," I said; "just popped in to borrow your autograph book for a few days."

It is not easy to startle a man who has attended stage rehearsals for many years; but the wig-maker (who cherishes the album above all earthly possessions) was really astonished at my coolness.

"Borrow my autograph book!" he repeated, as though unable to believe his ears. "Impossible! I thought you knew I never allow it to pass out of my hands."

I whispered into his ear the magic words that the world clamoured loudly for a sight of it, and the *Ludgate* would act as show-man. Instantly his features relaxed, and he answered resignedly:

"O, of course, if the *Ludgate* wants it—"

Thus was another victory gained—thus a new adherent won to the side of Paul Pry.

"No; there is practically no history



Yours Truly
Audencia H. Conner

July 16th 94

attaching to the starting of the book," Mr. Clarkson said, as I plied him with questions. "I had two albums given

"I hope I don't intrude"

'Paul Pry'

Sept 9/95

Yours Truly

J. T. Toole

me four or five years ago, one for press-cuttings, the other for autographs. The entries have been made by eminent musicians, actors and artists who have dropped into my shop. That's all."

Well, what a succession of notabili-

Maude, William Terriss, Olga Nether-sole, Hermann Vezin, Jessie Millward, Marie Roze, Ellaline Terriss, Seymour Hicks, H. B. Irving, Charles Wyndham, Charles H. Brookfield, Forbes Robertson, Jane May, Kate James, G. H. Betjemann,

"I'm here from o'er the sea"

'Pop' Tom Whittle

Willie Harrison



I am, dear W. Clarkson
your faithful servant
Audrey Emerson
10 May 1893

Yours white

John Bellamy
1893

I will not give you
my ring, he said
I gave my life
for me!

Yvette Guilbert

Yours Truly

Marie Tarnowski

"In your program full"
Phonograph

John Harrison
London Nov 8. 93

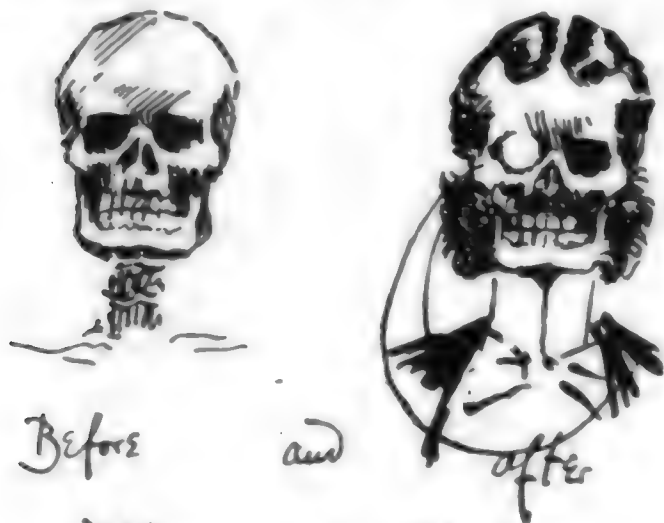
ties must have dropped in to be sure. In the way of procession, even Sir Augustus Harris can never hope to equal it. Some of the autographs are here reproduced: to publish all would be to fill a whole number. Sims Reeves, Cyril

Beatrice Lamb, Lewis Waller, Marie Lloyd, Dan Leno, Little Tich and Eugene Stratton—a company never before equalled on any stage—have signed their names.

Others have made more elaborate

entries, usually in the form of lines the old country too! as much trouble spoken by characters they have im- over marriage as we do over a tomato

salad, I guess there'd be a more satisfactory mixing all round" (*The Colonel*), Charles Collette; "You think I am a Puritan, I suppose? Well, I have something of the Puritan in me—I was brought up like that. I am glad of it"



A subject for Clarkson.

personated, or from some favourite play; as thus: "Give me another chance" (*Mrs. Tanqueray*), Beatrice Stella Campbell; "There is some soul of goodness in things evil" (*Henry V.*), Herbert Beerbohm Tree; "Were I thy bride!" Jessie Bond; "I don't like London," W. S. Penley; "I don't think much of my profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest"

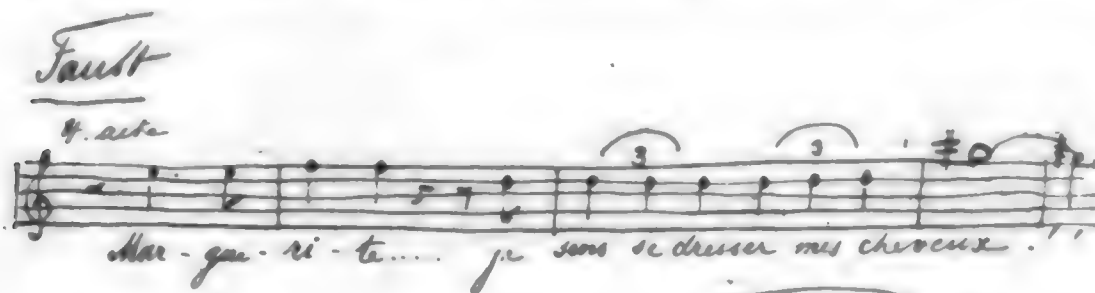
(*Lady Windermere's Fan*), Winifred Emery; "Eh! eh! ch! eh! pretty

Bernard Gault.
(Bernard Paskidge)

"The government of this planet is my perpetual riddle" *Temple Act 2*
Henry Arthur Jones

(*Pirates of Penzance*), Richard Temple; "A slap in time saves nine" (*The Late Lamented*), Fanny Brough; "If you in

maiden say" (*La Cigale*), Geraldine Ulmar; "That's for remembrance" (*Hamlet*), Maud Beerbohm Tree; "Let



Londres
22. Juillet 1891

Jean de Buzze

me have men about me that are fat" (*Julius Caesar*), Henry Kemble; "Last time, Clemmy, my boy" (*Dick Phenyl*), Edward Terry; "Charity covers a multitude of *skins*," Charles Danby; "Know you the hand," S. B. Bancroft; "I will

shilling" (gag of Sam Gaythorne in *Cut Off with a Shilling*), H. B. Conway; and the Moral, "Take care of yourself and the world will take care of you," W. L. Abingdon.

C. Haddon Chambers, quoting *Captain*

I can't find anything original
to write so I wish you
all sorts of good luck—

Court Garden
June 5th 1891

Melba

Demandez moi une baguette
en cinq actes en vers.
vous ferez une femme pour un album



Yours very sincerely
Phil May

Albert

London, 10th Dec 1892

Si je devais jamais porter des perruques:
ce serait certainement celles qui
sortent de chez vous mon cher
M^r Clarkson!

Emma Calvé
Juillet 1892. Court-Garden

Delighted to inscribe my name
to this most interesting volume
Dorothy Alesbury.

trust to time" (*Liberty Hall*), George Alexander; "No, my lord, not a lady am I, nor yet a beauty" (*Faust*), Fanny Moody; "Under the Chestnut Tree," Arthur Roberts; "I was his heir—he cut me off with a shilling—hair-cutting one

Swift, says: "The Long Arm of coincidence has reached after me;" while Adelina Patti observes that "A beautiful voice is the gift of God." "Trifles light as 'air are your wigs, dear Clarkson," says Mr. Wilson Barrett, "for them and for

other things accept the thanks of yours gratefully;" while, with mock pathos, is written: "To the only hope of my declining years," Lillie Langtry. In a remarkably firm and distinct hand appears the entry, "Mary Ann Keeley,

gards." Charles Reade's play of *Masks and Faces* seems to be held in fond remembrance. Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. Bernard Beere both quote the line: "Stage masks may cover honest faces," and Miss Mabel Love, continuing the



Ri-di-Bong-lie-cio! -

999

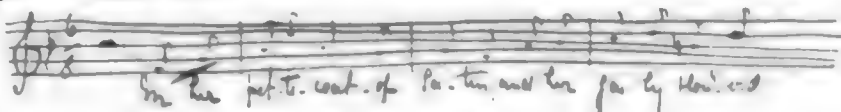
London 23rd Mar 1893 - R. Leoncavallo

My recollection
What do you wish
me to say?
— I am answering what?
You answer this
to wish you all good back
27 Feb 1894

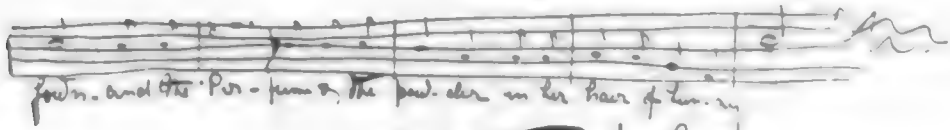


London 16. June '93.

W. W. Ludwig



In the pit. to. west. of Pa. ten and ten for by the end



from. and the Per- form. the part. der in her hair of ten. in

The Wiggens

My the making of my thanks
You may, zigged the way home
open books - where thanks.

June 9th 1895

George Giddens

Hope Temple

London July 1893

From the end of the...
On the...
...
... 1892

October 3rd, '95. Born November 22nd, 1805." "I'm older than I was, no thanks to anybody.—Matilda Wood," writes the otherwise Mrs. John. Mindful of many effective make-ups, Miss Ada Jenoure enters, "To the 'kind gentleman' that makes me look nice, with kindest re-

excerpt, adds: "And hearts beat true beneath a tinselled robe." The written bull of the Irish politician is consciously repeated by an old Criterion favourite: "I never give autographs. Yours very truly, George Giddens." A current of pathos runs in some of the

Alfred

Parson
Feb. 15th / 93.

With all good wishes

Yours truly
Marion Terry: 1894

"And mine, to take out his - (Shakespeare
John Terry =

Gravely
Good-bye

"And his (Shakespeare) to take out mine" (H.A.
Colth. Sullivan

Yours faithfully
John Terry

"Bloomsbury! What a pretty name. Bloomsbury
sounds so fresh and sweet."

Liberty Hall

Yours truly
Marion Terry: 1893.

entries as, "the world laughs with us, but we must sorrow alone"—Blanche Horlock; "Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel"—Bassett Roe; "Not everyone that dances is glad"—Alice Lethbridge. Miss Clara Jecks is philosophical. Says she: "Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it." Isidore de Lara addresses a bar of music "From an artiste in airs to an artiste in hairs." There is a hearty ring about Lionel Brough's contribution that reminds you of some of his impersonations: "Dear William,—'May you live long and prosper' is the wish of your old friend."

Dramatic criticism is represented by:

*"About his dress no artist cares a fig,
If only Clarkson has supplied his wig."*

LIONEL MONCKTON."

"Allow me, sir, to tell you that my grey hairs are a wig," says Mr. Leonard Boyne; while Miss Esther Palliser writes: "Hoping you will make of me a beautiful Rebecca." Burlesquing certain testimonials familiar to us, Mr. Arthur Williams gravely writes: "I am forty-seven to-day, but, thanks to your Lillie Powder, my complexion is equal to a youth of seventeen," which testimony is solemnly witnessed by "Harry Randall."

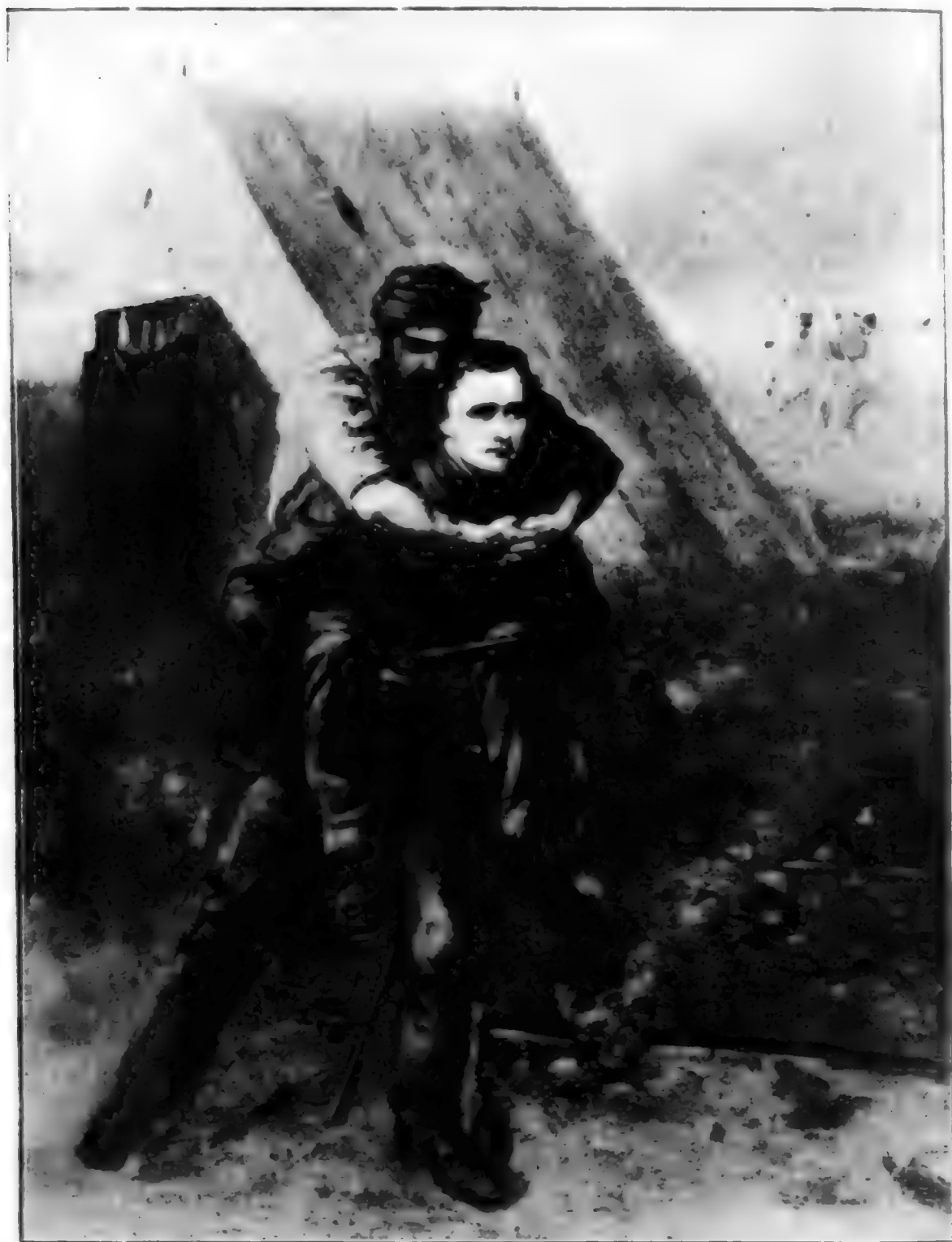
I think you will agree with me in thinking that I have never dropped in to better purpose than in this case.



For Valour.

THERE is magic in the words "For Valour," and the stirring and splendid history of the Victoria Cross has stirred many a civilian's blood to a passing

won his Cross as long ago as 1857, at Namaul, during the Indian Mutiny. A soldier of the First European Bengal Fusiliers lay wounded within forty yards



THE LATE COLONEL F. D. M. BROWN WINNING THE VICTORIA CROSS

ambition that even he also had joined a service capable of bestowing that rare recognition of human courage. Colonel F. D. M. Brown, who died the other day,

of the enemy's cavalry, and Brown, rushing to his assistance, carried him to a place of safety, his own life during the achievement being spared as by a miracle.

MR. A. S. BOYD'S future cannot fail in brilliance: it must be something with a knighthood in it, at least, since his name appears designed for a "handle." Conspicuous among black - and - white men, his clear artistic line, ever sure and ever right, is more akin to Keene's than to any other. Time was when he affected oils and water-colours and demonstrated his ability to use the brush; but many can paint though few can draw, and Mr. Boyd was Scotsman enough to 'tak' a thocht" that led him from colour to monochrome, from Glasgow to London. His contributions to the *Daily Graphic* are usually works of art as well as "news pictures," and those to *Punch* are instinct with humour; while the author is thrice fortunate who secures him as illustrator. Once he wrote an excellent fairy tale; but, conservative of his reputation, he has avoided any further venture into the domain of letters. The man is notable as his work. Sometime Sunday-school teacher, the nimbus seems yet to shimmer round his head, and most of the canonised are less worthy than he.



Generous to a fault, he has made gifts of time and money, known merely through them that praise him; and sympathetic to aggravation he tolerates

even "minor verse" which is probably read by none save the author and himself. Yet has he one redeeming vice: he is an inveterate punster.

Theatres and Music Halls.



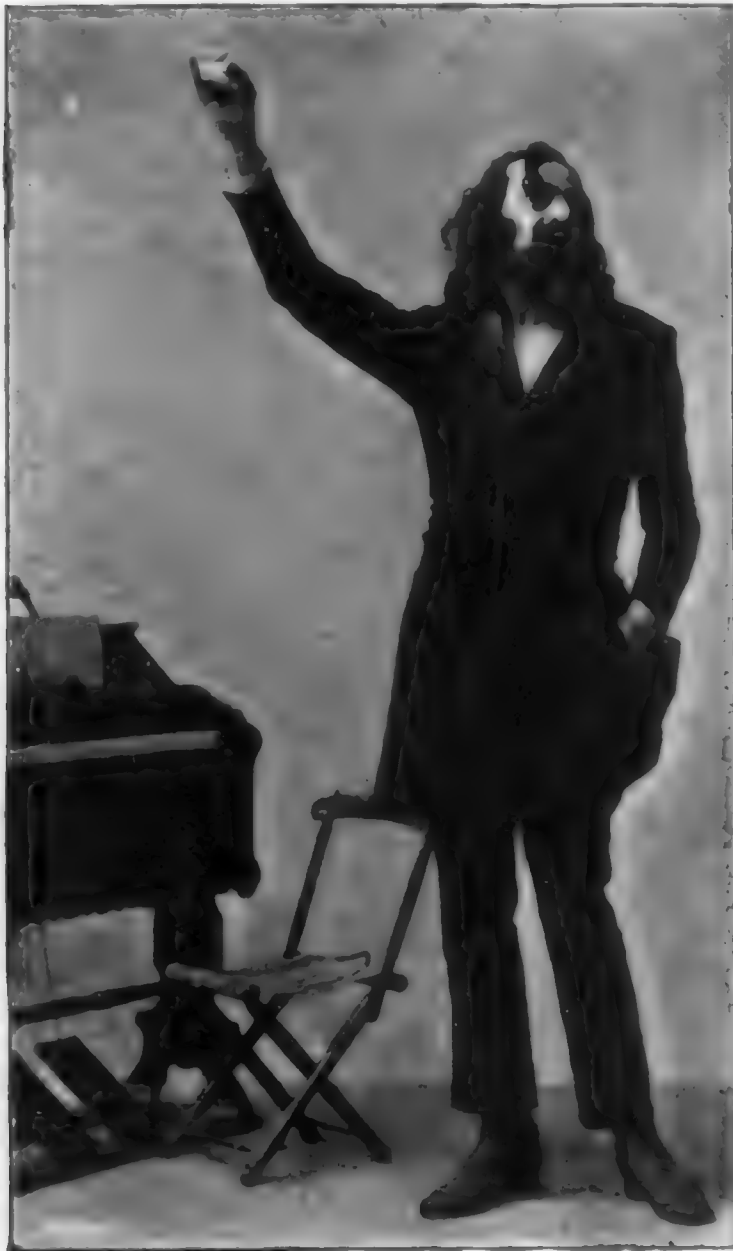
FROM MISS NELLIE FARREN'S PLAY-BILL

THE photographs wherewith you are here presented form a proper complement to the *Trilby* pictures which appeared in the November *Ludgate*. For London has done what it is usually loth to do: it has endorsed an American success. *Trilby* has been filling the Haymarket from gallery to stalls, and, as the result of its success, is being burlesqued at two theatres. At the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Arthur Roberts and Miss Kitty Loftus, in *A Trilby Triflet*, have played the two leading parts with the gayest appreciation of the opportunities they afford to the comedian. *A Model Trilby*, too, is the chief attraction at the Opera Comique, where all the world of playgoers has rejoiced to welcome Miss Nellie Farren back to the theatre, if not, for the present, to the stage she adorned so admirably. Mr. Robb Harwood is a fine Svengali, hardly to be distinguished

from the original at some times, while at others his burlesque is excellent. As to Miss Kate Cutler, she is wonderfully like the pictures, albeit smaller in stature—because, as she explains, “the part has been cut down”—and she plays with a delicate sense of humour, singing charmingly. At the halls the Trilbys and Svengalis are beyond numbering. Mr. Edwin Barwick (whose Irving is a masterpiece of mimicry) is perhaps the most notable of the latter, while Miss Marie Lloyd has a Trilby song, and Miss Nita Clavering, in the well-known costume, has been singing “Ben Bolt”—a thing



MISS KITTY LOFTUS AS “TRILBY”
From a photograph by Alfred Ellis



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS AS SVENGALI

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS



MISS KATE CUTLER AS TRILBY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY



MR. EDWIN BARWICK AS SVENGALI
From a photograph by Hana

which had hardly been possible but for the fact that *Trilby* has made the song a topical one.

MISS WINIFRED JOHNSON.

MISS WINIFRED JOHNSON is well-known to fame on her own account, but even if she lived altogether in retirement she would be a distinctly notable person, being the wife of Mr. R. G. Knowles, one of the best of the excellent comedians whom America has lent from time to time to the Old Country. A well-known music-hall manager over there confessed the other day in the course of an interview that, while the American comedian can usually hold his own on any stage, the American woman is not, as a rule, a great success

as a music-hall singer. A variety of lamentable experiences at English halls compel you to admit that this confession could hardly have been avoided if the interviewer was only ordinarily pertinacious and acute—which, being American, he almost certainly would be—and his victim as refreshingly candid as the majority of music-hall managers. It is Miss Winifred Johnson's great good fortune to be the example, or at least, one of the very few examples that are known to English audiences, which prove the rule laid down by the manager. Her dancing is admirable, and has withal a touch of the grotesque and fantastic which serves to differentiate it from the dancing of other



MR. ROBB HARWOOD AS SVENGALI
From a photograph by the Regent Portrait Co.



MISS WINIFRED JOHNSON
From a photograph by Lang Sims, Brixton Road

artists in that kind. Our picture does her a certain injustice in that it shows her as prepared for the dance alone. Miss Johnson plays the banjo with something far beyond the average skill, and she is not often content to display the one accomplishment without the other. As to her singing—for she also sings—very little need be said. She created that classic song "But the Cat came Back," and that in itself is an achievement sufficiently notable to be allowed to stand alone.

"THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE-STORY."

THE portraits which we publish of of Mr. E. S. Willard and Miss Annie Hughes should make all play-goers conscious of a very great variety of obligations to these two players. In divers ways each of the twain has delighted huge numbers of people: Mr. Willard first of all as the most consummate stage-villain of his day, and then in *The Middleman*, *Judah*, *Alabama* and *The Professor's Love-Story*. As for Miss Annie Hughes, you recall her as a win-

some English girl in a long series of pleasant plays, though it would be difficult to say in which of the many parts she has played she exercised the greatest charm. One is glad to have *The Professor's Love-Story* revived. Mr. Willard is shown as the guileless Professor Goodwillie, while Miss Hughes plays the part of the lady secretary who gradually steals away the heart of her employer, making him oblivious of the grave studies which have occupied his attention up to the time of his first making her acquaintance and seemed likely to claim him for their own until he should have reached the end of his allotted days. The stage certainly ought to amuse and delight—in modern days of stress and strain there is more need of this than ever—and a pretty idyl like Mr. Barrie's play, if it be acted as *The Professor's Love-Story* is acted at the Garrick, may count on a hearty welcome, simply because it earns it by pleasing and amusing the more or less tired folk who get to the theatre at night.



TWO PLAYS AT THE ST. JAMES'S
THEATRE



MR. E. S. WILLARD IN "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.



MISS ANNIE HUGHES IN "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

Pictorial History of the Month.



PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBURG

From a photograph by Charles Knight, Newport, Isle of Wight

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN



VACCINATION PARADE ON THE "FATHURST"

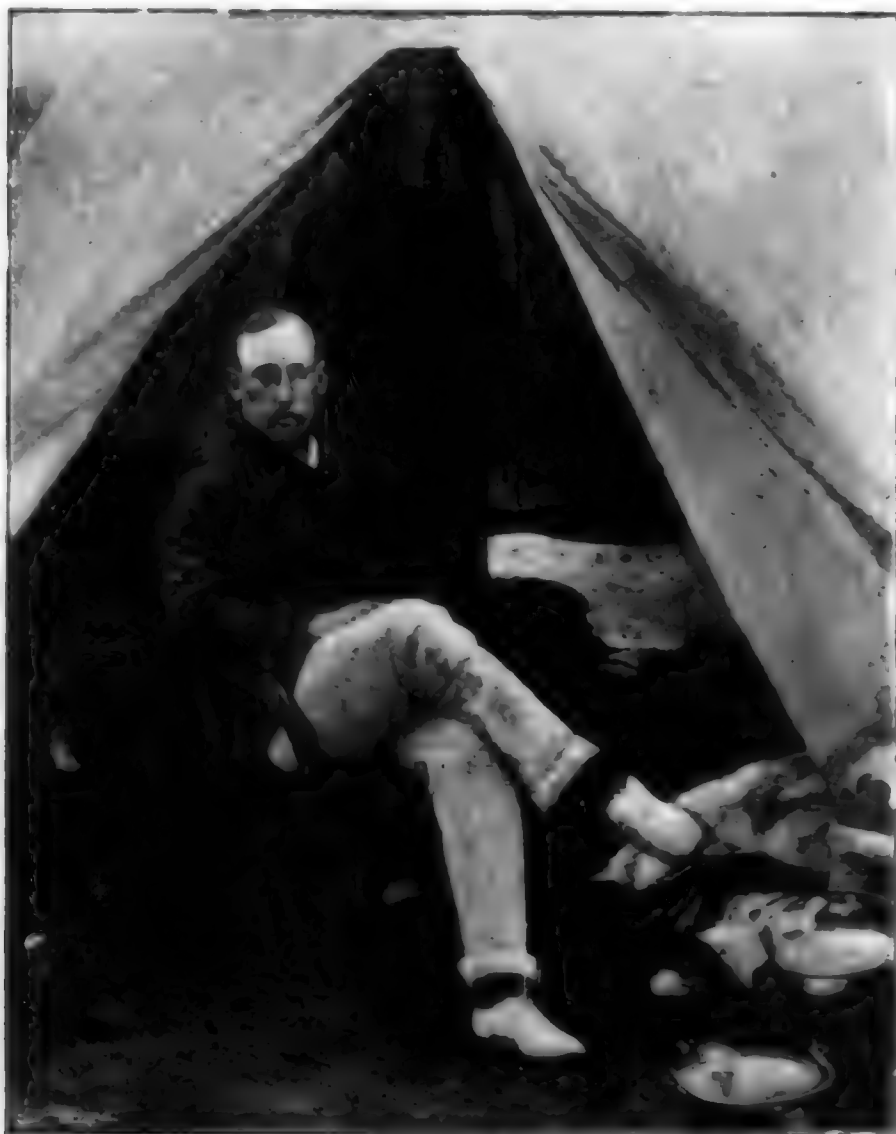
Drawn by C. J. Staniland, R.I.

THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN

THE LUDGATE



THE "ANGOLA" AT LIVERPOOL.
Drawn by Oscar Reckhardt.



PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR.
Portrait painted by A. J. T. Channing, Augsburg.

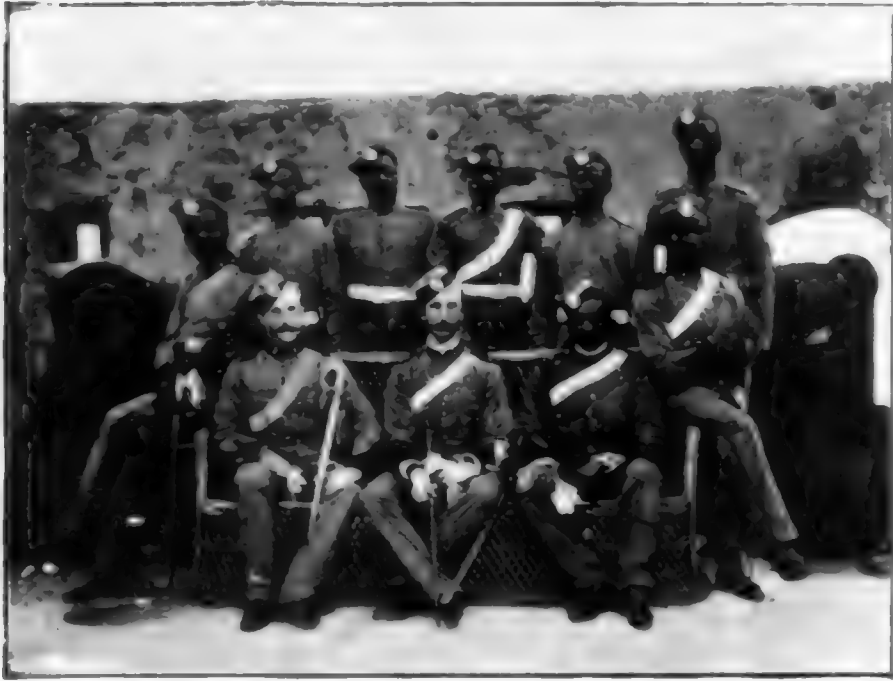
THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN



THE "COROMANDEL" AT LONDON DOCKS
From a photograph by H. R. Gibbs



HOUSSAS AND THEIR OFFICERS
THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN



OFFICERS AND NON-COM. OFFICERS OF THE GOLD COAST VOLUNTEERS



"OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY"
THE ASHANTEE CAMPAIGN



MAJOR H. H. HASSELL



MAJOR A. L. BAILEY



CAPTAIN C. W. KING, A.S.C.
 WHO WAS DAVANIED WITH SENSE KENT
 a photograph by T. Russell and Sons, Wimbled
 THE ASHANTIE CAMPAIGN



STOB ROSS STATION



THE BLITHMOUTH TUNNEL

THE NEW UNDERGROUND RAILWAY AT GLASGOW



THE BAPTISM OF THE KING'S DAUGHTER



THE LATE M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS



HEARTY GREETING



GIFT OF A ROSE

*Souvenir de ma vie
à Dumas*

THE LATE ALEXANDRE DUMAS AND LA LOIE FULLER



"WINDLE COURTIER," WINNER OF THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW CHAMPIONSHIP
The Property of Robert Coop, St. Helens



THE QUEEN'S "FREDERICA," WINNER OF THE CATTLE SHOW CHAMPIONSHIP
From a photograph by H. R. Gibbs



HE enterprising publisher of a metropolitan directory has intimated the intention of giving with addresses the "At Home" days at the various houses. Surely this is a somewhat dangerous innovation? "At Homes"

are usually so crowded that the busy hostess has often but vague notions as to the identity of certain guests, so that the system appears to open an easy door for high-class burglary. It is quite a customary arrangement to serve tea in the dining-room ere the visitors seek the reception-room to pay homage to the lady of the house. What, then, is to prevent the thief, attired in purple and fine linen, from entering when guests most do congregate, from taking a leisurely survey, from annexing anything handy, and then sauntering away without exciting a particle of suspicion in the minds of the ministering servants?

I have just received an invitation card which has printed on the back a plan of the

district where the sender lives. It is a contrivance humane and thoughtful, that won the instant approval of Mr. Babington-Bright, who has gloomy recollections of cold and hungry hours passed in seeking the houses of friends who elect to dwell in new suburbs—regions outside the magic circle no self-respecting Jehu will condescend to know.



To me the apparent value set upon the common (or garden) postage stamp has ever been puzzling in the extreme. It is the sole article one friend may not accept from another without payment. Of course, the cause of this false modesty lies in the fact that a stamp, bearing a certain intrinsic value, ranks as money; and none cares to take money from a friend—however insignificant the sum. Hence the postage stamp is ever something apart.

On inviting guests to his country house the host puts servants, horses, carriages—all his worldly goods indeed—at their disposal. The hostess sees that the temperature of their rooms is right to a degree, and that every peculiarity of taste is studied. But neither dreams that a thoughtfulness adding vastly to the visitors' comfort would be to furnish the writing-table with the harmless necessary stamp.

I have reposed under many hospitable roofs, and in every case have I found an abundance of elaborate writing material, but in one instance alone stamps and post-cards. I may mention that the mistress of that exceptional household is a brilliant writer, as well as an exceeding capable housewife: perhaps she is the one because she is the other.

Of course, visitors ought to provide themselves with all the stamps they need before leaving town. Guests who accept choicest cigars and priceless wines as a matter of course, hesitate ere they ask a host for stamps. Stampless men are wont to secretly purchase them from the footmen. Or, failing that, to send telegrams—a course that frequently necessitates a groom riding through miles of snow. Why should hospitality draw the line at a commodity low-priced as the postage stamp?

I wish the New Woman would agitate for some useful reform. Would men tolerate, as women do, the tyranny of the uniform size of lump sugar? In a community whose taste in matters saccharine differs so greatly, every loaf of sugar is



chopped into pieces of equal bulk. Many a cup of tea gets cold, what time the hostess explores the recesses of her sugar-bowl in kindly quest for the "Just a tiny lump, please," to suit some guest. Surely a largely-signed petition to sugar merchants might induce them to adopt a machine, which, while it cut the pieces one size, would let that size be small.

The culmination of human misery seems to be reached when some unhappy mortal who attempts to commit suicide is forcibly rescued and lodged in prison. I once saw an aged man who had made a futile effort to drown himself in the Regent's Canal; and a sadder spectacle I never witnessed. The accounts of the amazing skill and perseverance where-with two young ladies resuscitated a woman and child believed to be dead—

"drown-dead" as Mr. Peggotty would have termed it—has made me wonder if one is justified in interfering, when a fellow creature has, with infinite torture, cast life away and is to all intents dead. Of course, in a case of accidental drowning rescue is the thing; and as far as the child in this instance was concerned the action was brave and wise. But that this poor woman should be painfully brought back to life, to be tried for attempts

though it made us afraid to go to bed, we regularly pleaded with the fondness of youngsters for the repetition of the awful yet familiar. Looking at the story now, my more critical eyes perceive it not as an ordinary ghost legend, but as a weird psychological experience.

In a city work-house one winter night an old woman lay a-dying. Her life had been notoriously infamous: utterly given up to sin, her constant

endeavour had been to make others evil as herself. She had, for many years, been bed-ridden in the work-house, but even there the other inmates, though the dregs of society, shrank from contact with her. Now she was passing, vile and unrepentant. The visiting clergyman had laboured in vain to soften her. Sundry evangelising dames had sought to awaken her to a sense of her sin. But immovable, she met all these endeavours with a flood of invective, feeble yet copious—blood-curdling from the mouth of one on the brink of grave.

This January mid-night the nurse of the ward, a capable, unimaginative young woman, who occupied the bed next to Granny Brown's, was suddenly aroused from a profound sleep. Thinking the invalid needed her

services, she promptly raised herself and looked towards the crone's bed. The old woman lay on the side of her couch next to the attendant. Her eyes were wide open, and her slowly moving lips showed she muttered quietly to herself. There was nothing unusual in her aspect; but crouched on the ground beside her, and gazing intently into her eyes, was an evil spirit!

To the nurse the terrible fact was that the old woman seemed altogether unconscious of the presence of the dread



at murder and suicide—in the ordinary course of the law—seems harsh and cruel. What a horror of the death to be endured a second time must darken the remainder of her existence! The question of right and wrong is surely puzzling enough for a Solomon.

In the early gloaming of the much-loved New Year holidays, we children were wont to gather round the log-fire blazing on the library hearth, to revel in ghost stories. Mother held the copyright of a tale especially creepy, for which,

thing. Fascinated, the nurse stared for a spell: then her strength failed, and, for the first time in her life, she fainted.

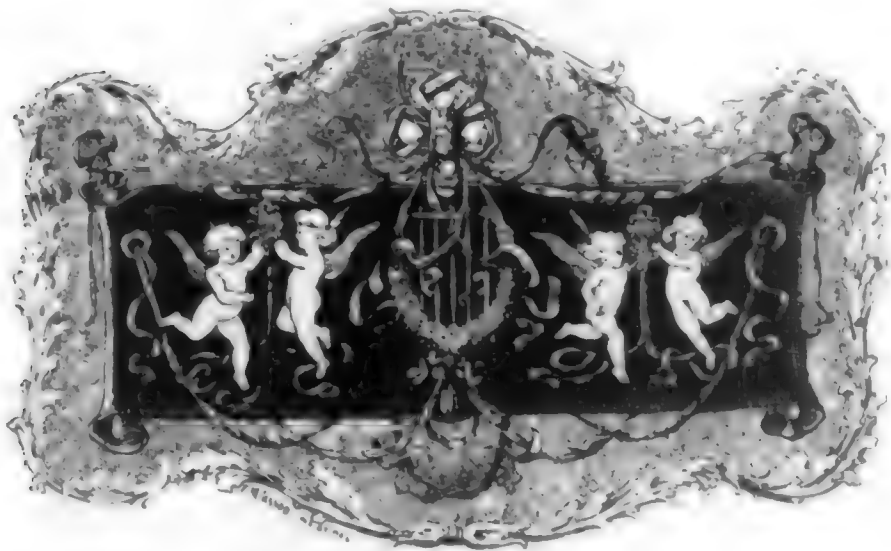
When the grey light of dawn crept in through the window she was brought back to consciousness by a commotion in the ward. Granny Brown had been found dead, lying exactly as the nurse had seen her ere oblivion brought relief.

The bustle of the day prevented thought of what she had witnessed preying upon the nurse's mind. Yet, as darkness fell and the ward became quiet, the awfulness of her peep into the supernatural overpowered her nerves and she gave way to violent hysterics. When the remedies applied by the Doctor had in measure restored her composure, she confided her story to him. The incident was mentioned by the Doctor to Mother, who was greatly interested; and visited the woman to obtain an authentic account of her strange experience. One question alone did Mother ask.

"Can you describe the appearance of the evil spirit?"

"Yes," replied the nurse. "It was all darkness, but a little light!"

Miss Chris Hammond's illustrations, which brighten the preceding pages, are given with the courteous permission of Mr. George Allen of the Ruskin House, from his exquisite two volume edition of Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*, which Professor Saintsbury has edited in the workmanlike fashion characteristic of him. I have ever respected the aphorism, "When a new book is published read an old one"; for if I have not eschewed the new, neither have I abandoned the old. Richardson has been well-nigh out of the question, however, by reason of the bulk of his novels; but, with the skill of Professor Saintsbury and the art of Miss Hammond, to read him has at last become not merely a possibility but a pleasure.



Fashions of the Month.



EVENING GOWN

THIS evening gown has a bodice and epaulettes of lace; the sleeves are composed of frills of black net; the skirt is of black satin.

* * Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bowyer Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.

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THEATRE COAT

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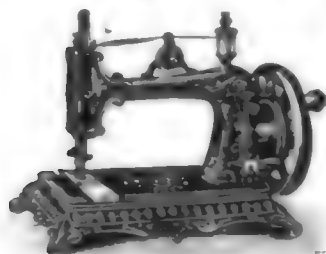
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NEW TOQUE

THE first of the two hats of the sketch is a toque, with a crown of gold embroidery, studded with emeralds. A full band of emerald-green velvet is caught across the front with diamond buttons, and the black osprey, together with the green bird of paradise plume shed their decorative influence at one side.



NEW HAT

THE second is made of violet felt, trimmed round the open brim with loops of black glacé ribbon, fastened at one side into a bow. A bunch of black quills standing erect, wreathed round with violets and white gardenias. Violets and white gardenias also putting in an appearance at the back to form a cache-peigne.

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The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. He also reserves the right to withhold the medal in any section where none of the contributions is worthy of publication. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

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